VOGUE

Incorporating Vanity Fair
APRIL 15, 1944
PRICE 35 CENTS
40 CENTS IN CANADA

Personal Planning

8 Vogue Editors Photographed in Their Own Spring Wardrobes

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Wamsutta hopes to have enough Supercale sheets and pillowcases for all Uncle Sam's nieces when they come home again. And enough, too, for all you war brides who have never had your full share of Wamsutta Supercale — the famous, fine, long-wearing "Trousseau Sheet of America."*

WAMSUTTA MILLS *Since 1846* NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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Springfield Blankets . . . Wamsutta-Somerset Towels

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

FONSSAGRIVES

"Nights to Remember"

short evening dress, princesse and perfectly beautiful,
in pitch black rayon faille with
matching décolletage bows.
Sizes 10 to 18. $70

Program for Perfection...

Take the prospect of a long-awaited reunion . . . add the excitement of a lovelier you . . . make the promise perfect with "Bond Street" beauty preparations by Yardley.

Result? A program bright with fulfilment for your "tomorrow" plans!

New world . . . new woman . . . with "Bond Street" Perfume and Beauty Preparations by

YARDLEY

"Bond Street" Perfume: characteristic of the New Woman,

$13.50, $8.50, $4.50, $2.50

Dry Skin Cleansing Cream: $1; jumbo jar, $2

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• *Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.*

N. W. AYER & SON

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Cool Contrast for Town

Altman's new cool combination of cotton and rayon crepe. Pared to a beautiful slimness. Crisp in its contrast of white and black cotton jacket and slender black rayon skirt.

Sizes 10 to 20, 49.95

Altman misses' dresses, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

jewelers

744 Fifth Avenue, New York · Palm Beach

George Platt Lynes

Lady in high-key summer black.

From our collection of Originals.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

that Ayres look

L. S. Ayres & Co.
INDIANAPOLIS

Dress by Clarepotter

jay Thorpe
24 WEST 57
NEW YORK

India Serpentine

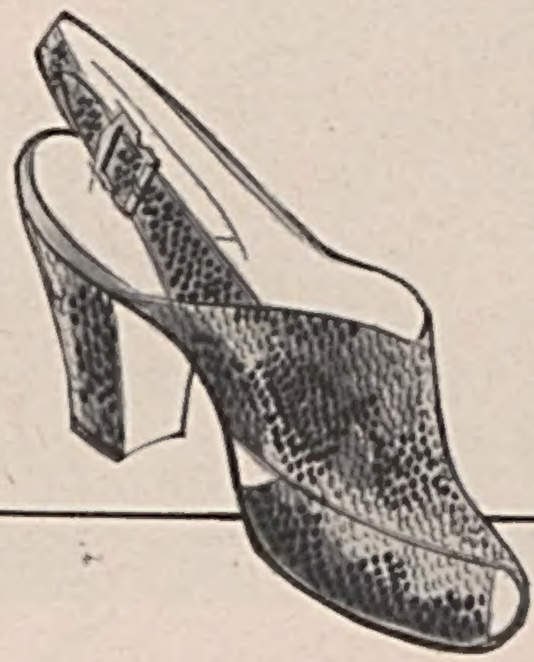
by La Valle

gem-precious reptile done by a master-hand.

India Snake Circlet sandal, 16.95

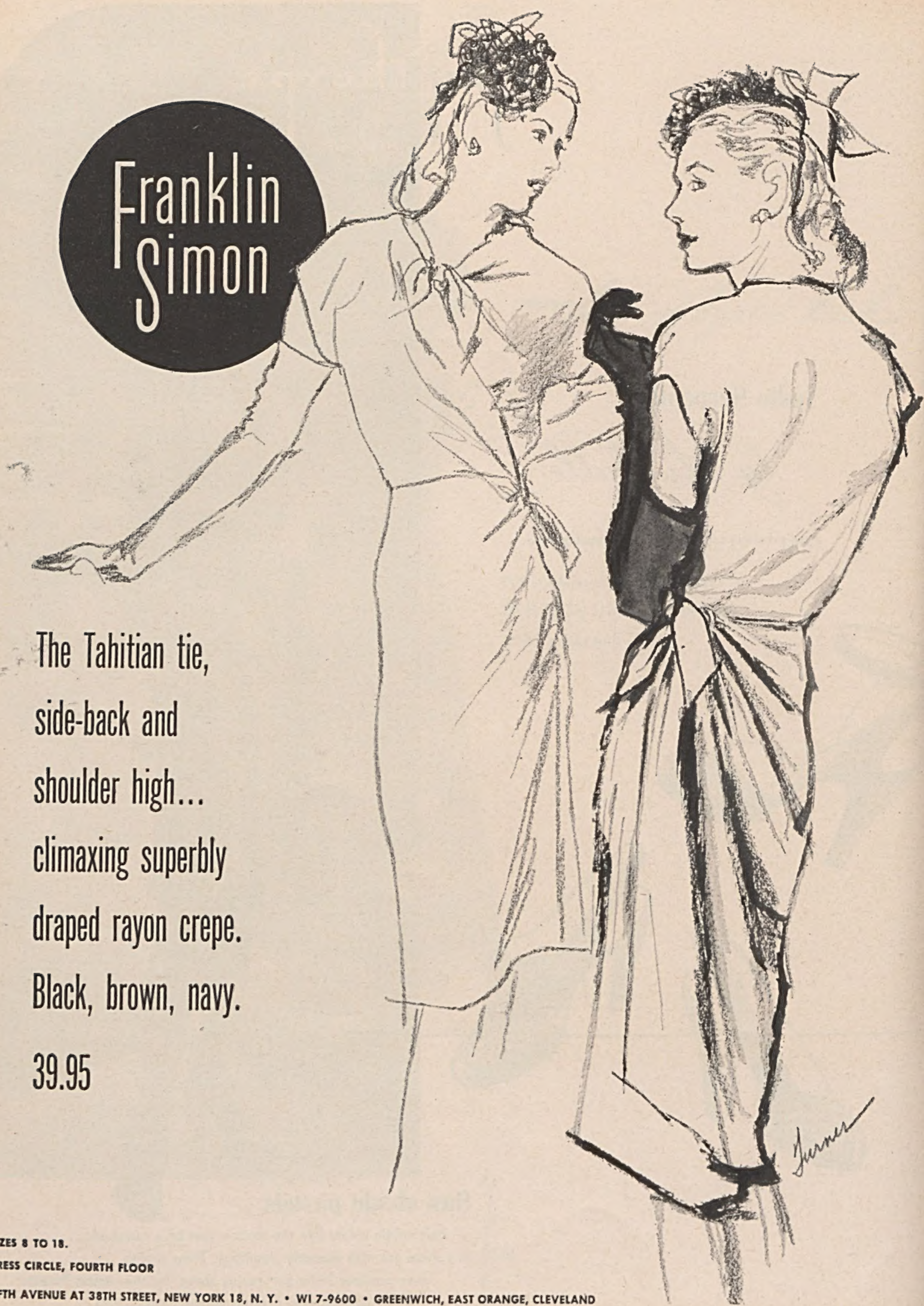
Cross-strapped step-in pump, 18.95

Classic sling-pump, 16.95



Sun shade pastels

Pale subtle colors like the shadow cast by a sun-shade . . . in a dress cut with masterly simplicity. Wear it with your precious India Serpentine shoes, for the coolest Summer portrait ever painted. Rayon crepe. 79.95



The Tahitian tie, side-back and shoulder high... climaxing superbly draped rayon crepe. Black, brown, navy.

39.95

SIZES 8 TO 18.

DRESS CIRCLE, FOURTH FLOOR

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made in U. S. A.

CHEN YU *long lasting nail lacquer*

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Breathless
by
CHARBERT
Breathless
CHARBERT

Van Raalte

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VAN RAALTE RAYON STOCKINGS are made with the practised skill for which there is no substitute. You will recognize them by their exclusive mesh panel Flextoe*, at all better stores. Van Raalte, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS" BEHOLD ROSE POINT, BEAUTIFUL FROM EVERY ANGLE

ROSE POINT

Third Dimension Beauty in Sterling by

WALLACE

Mood of Romance...woven into a Rose Point wedding veil, queen of laces...sculptured into silver, queen of metals. Wallace Rose Point is sterling lacework endowed with Third Dimension Beauty. This hand-wrought quality, exclusively Wallace, is expressed in the sculpture of the full-blown rose.

Today, Wallace craftsmen dedicate their skills to Victory. But plan now for the post-war era when silver will again be available in larger quantities for gracious living. ☆ ☆ ☆ Send 10¢ for book, *Wallace Beauty Moods in Silver*, and read the fascinating history of Wallace sculptured patterns—Grand Colonial, Stradivari, Sir Christopher, Grande Baroque and Rose Point.

☆ ☆ ☆ WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, WALLINGFORD, CONN. ☆ ☆ ☆

Jordan Marsh

Striping example of the new vogue for town cottons, by Joseph Halpert. A cool, sophisticated two-piece, with nipped waist and peplum fullness to give you an intriguing figure. In white stripes on black or navy... banana beige on black... and black on white. $49.95. The white piqué hat, $12.75. The crushed-goat bag, $18.50, plus 20% Federal Tax.

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Your cherished diamonds with their everlasting memories need and deserve the matchless beauty and protection that handmade *Tempered Mountings by Granat alone can give. Made of harder, stronger precious metals, Granat Mountings provide constant guardianship. Because of this inherent endurance and unsurpassed beauty, fine jewelers everywhere consistently choose for their finest engagement and wedding rings . . . *Tempered Mountings by Granat.

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Tempered Mountings are a major improvement in wedding and engagement rings. You will find the name "Granat" inside each mounting [*Trademark of Granat Bros, San Francisco]

Pattullo's Demi-Formal

designed for the Southland by Jo Copeland . . .

petaled shoulders for the torso top . . .

One huge rose above the stem-slim skirt.

Shadowy hat by Sally Victor.

Rich's
ATLANTA

New York
...THE CITY OF FASHION
Like the skyscrapers that dare to soar eighty stories high, New York fashions have the assurance to dare to challenge the world. The opportunities, the competition, the inspiration of the greatest city on earth attract the top creative talent, with dramatic results.
There is a RIGHTNESS to New York fashions, because the critical eye of the great metropolis demands it.
There is a FRESHNESS to New York fashions, because the stimuli of the city inspire it.
There is an AUTHORITY to New York fashions, because the most exacting city on earth accepts them.
For the Spring of 1944, choose your wardrobe designed by the "know how" city of fashion, from discriminating New York to discriminating you!
NEW YORK DRESS INSTITUTE
IE WALDORF-ASTO
BUY U. S. WAR BONDS
NEW YORK Creation

Endearing young charm in a bow-bodice date-timer — block print shantung, exclusive 19.95
Robinsons'
LOS ANGELES

WE DON'T WANT THE MOON

Just a little house in the country not too far from town, just far enough.

And a garden full of flowers with even a vegetable or two . . .

not because we're skirting shortages . . . just for fun.

And three children (we hope) and a couple of

big beef-eating dogs. And built-in bookshelves . . . because

built-in things speak of the permanence we want for our lives.

And silver, too, by Towle, because

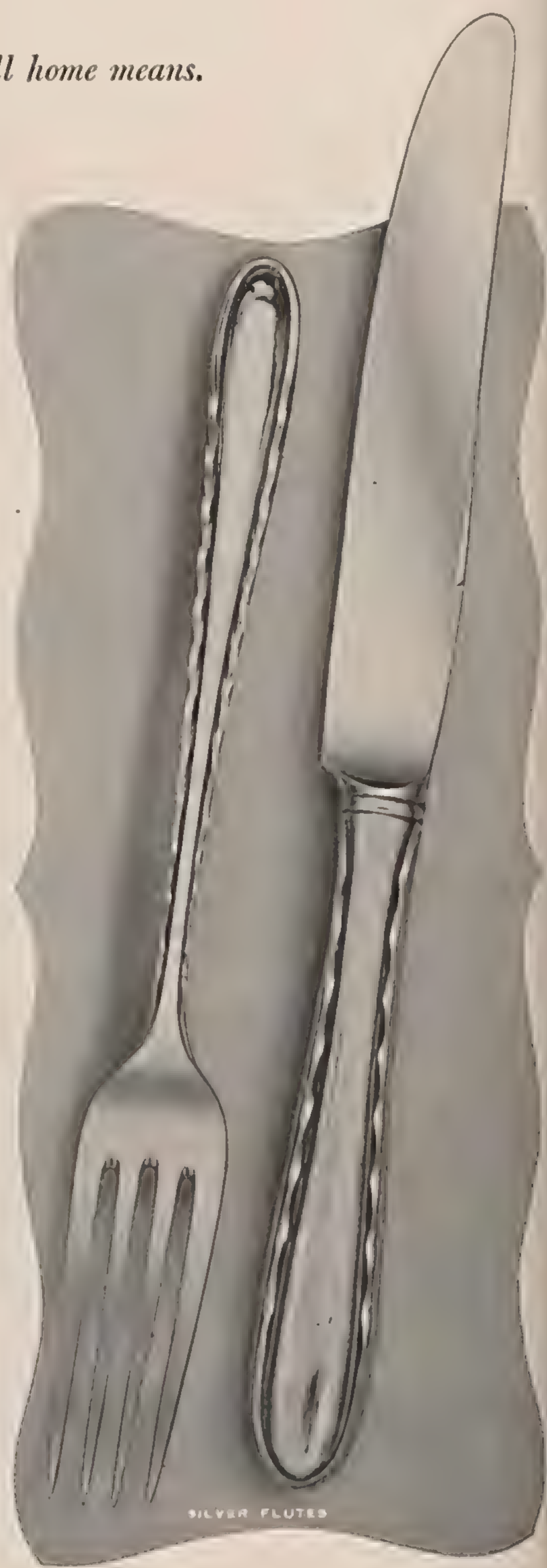
it stands for home . . . and all home means.

EVERY bride has her dream-house. She buys War Bonds now and, as she does, she dreams of the precious possessions those Bonds will buy. Every bride wants her Towle Sterling ... knows that when she chooses silver that has been beautifully, carefully fashioned by master craftsmen since 1690, she has the best. Towle Sterling is solid silver . . . *permanently* beautiful . . . although a place-setting costs so little. Choose your Towle pattern now. Buy the essential pieces. And let your War Bonds buy the rest . . . when Peace comes.

Write for a free copy of "The Bride in Wartime — and her Towle Sterling" . . . a new booklet written to help you select your pattern and care for your Sterling. Just address: THE TOWLE SILVERSMITHS, Dept. K-4, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

TOWLE

STERLING



STRIPE-TOP SHEATH...
the barearm look, the blouse-and-skirt look...wedded in this Fashion Salon exclusive to produce the dress of your life. Stripes to emphasize pretty arms, a tube of skirt to finish off the nicety of neat lines. Black and white, pink and navy, yellow and navy rayon crepe and jersey. 10 to 18. 29.95
Fashion Salon, Third Floor
ARNOLD CONSTABLE
Fifth Avenue at 40th, New York • New Rochelle • Hempstead

Frost Bros. San Antonio

A triumph in restraint! Winged sleeves and needle-slim lines in sheer black. Frock and jewels by *Traina-Norell.* The dress, $89.95. John-Frederics' sunbonnet hat, $38.50. Shoes by Delman.

FROST BROS. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS THE GATEWAY TO MEXICO

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EXTRA
BONDS
The debonair
look—a widely-belted,
soft, dressmaker-shirt suit
in the clear Spring colors of
JUILLIARD fabrics—
the name that assures you of both
quality and style.
FINE FABRICS
ARE THE FOUNDATION
OF FASHION
A. D. Juilliard & Co. Inc.
40 West 40th Street
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Juilliard
"Master Fabric"
100% VIRGIN WOOL

Created for the fastidious . . . Radelle's sculptured gown
in rich Crepe Songette—a Bur-Mil* rayon fabric
that launders perfectly. Fine needlecraft . . .
trimming of dainty eyelet batiste . . .
make this a gift de luxe for Mother's Day or the spring bride.
Matching sets in white or tearose. Gown in blue also.
Gown about $6. Slip about $4. Panties about $3.

Prices slightly higher in the west.

At finer stores from coast to coast.

RADELLE LINGERIE CORP., 185 Madison Avenue, New York

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BUR-MIL QUALITY

Dana's precious Platine for the precious Blonde

Introduced in Paris before the war, parfum PLATINE was considered so precious it was sold almost *"by the drop,"* and to only a few of the chic-est women of Europe. Now a small amount is here for you. It was said on the continent that Dana's PLATINE *(French for platinum)* makes a blonde the most ravishing thing in life!

THE OUNCE, $22.50. TAX EXTRA

Toujours Moi
Toujours moi
CORDAY

Jaunty Junior*

Saddle-stitched shortie . . .

Jaunty Junior insures your Summer smartness with this sophisticated topper . . . superbly cut in an all-wool by

Farnsworth

Duchess rayon lined.

Sizes 9 to 15. About $27.

JAUNTY JUNIOR
500 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.
MORRIS W. HAFT & BROTHERS, INC.

Jaunty Junior

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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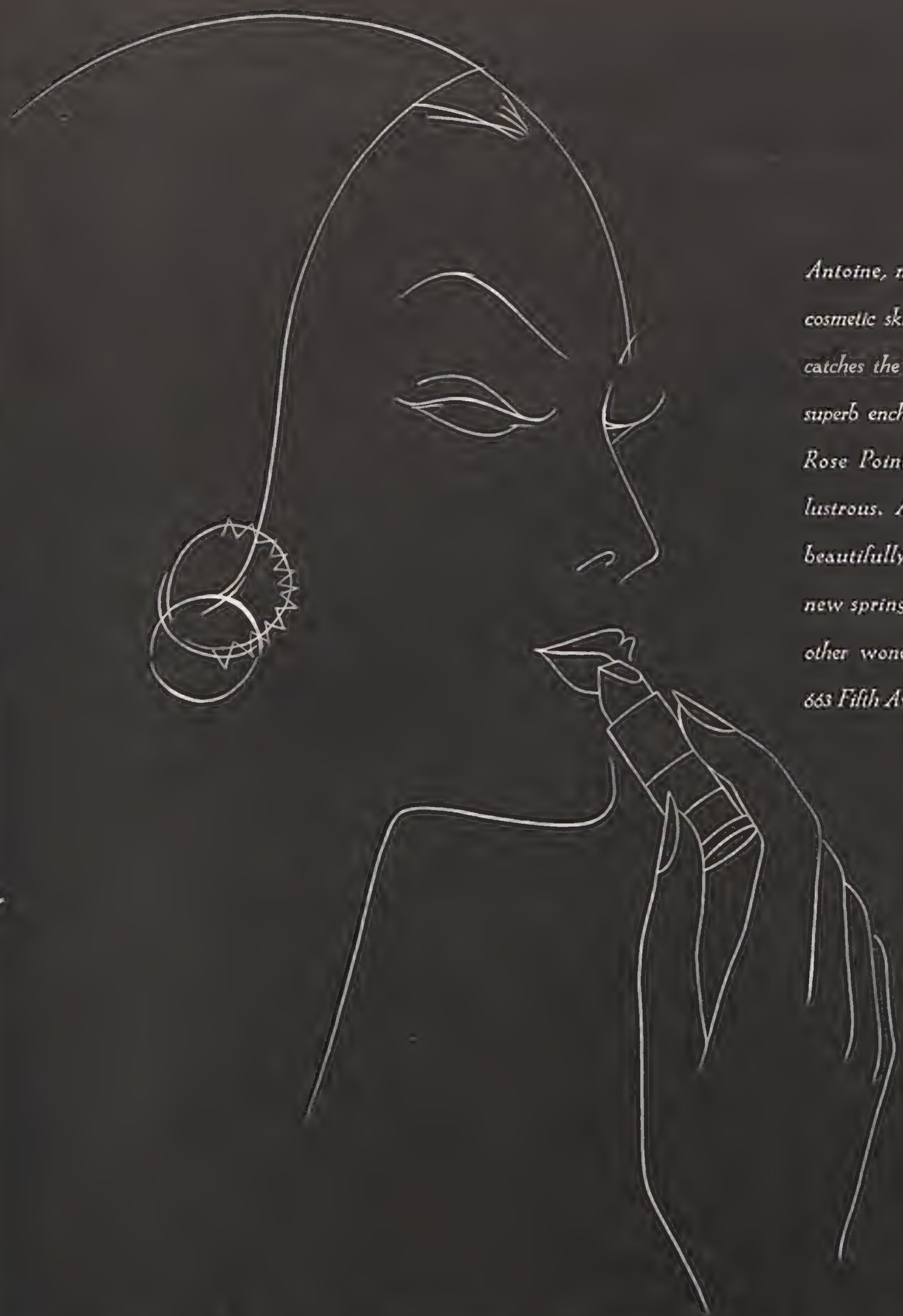

Antoine, matchless master of rare cosmetic skills . . . and beauty that catches the heart . . . creates another superb enchantment. Young, exciting Rose Point . . . vividly alive and lustrous. A clear rosy-red, it lasts beautifully . . . dramatizes all the new spring shades. Lipsticks in 17 other wonderful colors by Antoine. 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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JOAN NORTON IRWIN DESIGN

IN CYRUS CLARK'S CHINTZ EVERGLAZE* FINISH

PURPLE, YELLOW OR PINK VIOLETS ON WHITE

COLOR-FAST, WASHABLE, 9 TO 15. COMPLETE 14.95

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• Hold that pose, lady. You're the picture of spring in your charming clothes . . . All right, we have your picture. Step along now in those pretty Walk-Over shoes that flatter your feet and help you keep that charming head-high gait. Despite restrictions, your WALK-OVER store has spirited shoes to suit your needs and fancies.

Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95.

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"Capri Original" Costume

New Horizons
by CIRO

the perfume that carries you on...and on!

THREE SIZES · $27.50 $10.50 $6.25

Marry in Haste... BUT CHOOSE

YOUR PERCALE SHEETS IN LEISURE

Regardless of Price... you can buy nothing finer

UTICA PERCALE

If yours is to be a furlough wedding, that is all the more reason for shopping for sheets well in advance. And by all means ask for Utica Percale. Regardless of price you can buy nothing finer.

If you once thought that all percale sheets are much the same, one look at Utica Percale will tell you that here is something very special . . . and very luxurious. For Utica Percale sheets are made from lovely long staple cotton that is put through the extra combing process to give them lustrous beauty and added strength. And ultra-fine weaving—with over 200 threads to the inch—assures long-wearing loveliness.

Because Utica Percale sheets are made to highest quality standards, their first cost is necessarily a little more than percale sheets woven from coarser yarns or by cheaper methods. But Utica Percale sheets wear so much longer that their more luxurious texture really costs you nothing.

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The Beauty Shampoo of Beauty-Wise Women

Because it leaves hair so surpassingly lovely . . . far more lustrous and shining than any soap or soap shampoo . . . Because it now contains a wonderful hair conditioner, to leave the hair far easier to manage, right after shampooing . . . These are the reasons why Drene with Hair Conditioner is the preferred shampoo of beauty-wise women everywhere. Why don't you request this new, improved Drene next time you have your hair shampooed at your beauty salon? You'll find no other shampoo that leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage . . . only Drene with Hair Conditioner.

Drene Shampoo

with Hair Conditioner

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS

Enka Rayon

Rose Barrack suggests a new silhouette for daylight dining...in Crepe Remember, a William Rose fabric. 839.95 B. ALTMAN & CO., New York • JULIUS GARFINCKEL Washington • THE MAY COMPANY, Los Angeles • FILENE'S, Boston

ENKA RAYON • 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Photo-Finish—the make-up that invites close-ups

Distributed by Elmo Sales Corporation, Philadelphia

Soft, filmy cake cosmetic that gives your skin pulse-quickening allure. Smooths on to a satin-like finish . . . the closer it is the lovelier it seems. Never has your complexion known such enchantment. And it's enchantment that endures in spite of sun or wind—Photo-Finish is the *Climatized* make-up. Five radiant skin tones. 1.50 plus tax.

Romance—in your Hair

JON ABBOT

You never even dreamed that waves could be so soft and glamorous yet so strong and lasting. It's the creamy Opalescent lotion that works this magic — gently coaxing waves and curls into natural-looking loveliness. And your Opalescent Creme Wave is so completely versatile — it takes just a few seconds to change your coif from daytime casualness to evening sophistication. Ask your beautician to give your hair an Opalescent Creme Wave — everything she needs comes in an individual box sealed by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

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At leading beauty salons—Also available for **UNDINE**

Buy MORE War Bonds Today!

"Sunny"
by
COHAMA
A Superlative Rayon Crepe
BUR-MIL
QUALITY

Eileen PLAYSHOES *show their true colors!*

Footwear for fun . . . as gay and colorful as a flower garden! It's important to know they're ration-free . . . and that their substantial soles are equal . . . (perhaps even superior) . . . to the very best leather soles. Featured in your favorite store at $4 to $5 in a vivacious variety of designs . . . especially created to correctly complement your daytime playtime apparel.

GROVES SHOE COMPANY . . . *Creators of Eileen Footwear* . . . 311 W. MONROE ST. . . . CHICAGO 6, ILL.

"tell them that in time of war,
PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH!"

Edith Cavell 1915

It is the night of October 11, 1915...*in the prison of St. Gilles, Brussels.*

Nurse Edith Cavell awaits her execution by the Germans at dawn.

The British chaplain beside her asks, "Have you a last word for the women of your country?"

"Yes," her voice speaks strongly. "Tell them that in time of war, Patriotism is not enough!"

★ ★ ★

Today, American women understand the terrible truth of this message. Patriotism, love of country, the will to win, is *not* enough. So millions have willingly put aside their everyday lives, and are hard at work with their own two hands to speed the end of this holocaust.

But many more women are needed!

There are thousands of jobs open. Civilian jobs in transportation, communications, education, nursing. War jobs in localities where factories are producing military equipment. And for the women who want to stand shoulder to shoulder with their men in this war, there are the Waves, Wacs, Spars and Marines.

Remember: The more women at war, the sooner we'll win!

Look in the want ads for the kinds of jobs open in your community. Go to your local U. S. Employment Service office for advice—or to the nearest Army or Navy recruiting office, or Office of Naval Officer Procurement.

War work for women is so important—and covers such a wide field, that we felt a booklet giving authoritative information would be a great help. So we gathered facts from every possible source and summed them up in the little pamphlet *"Where am I needed most?"* It is carefully planned to help you find the war job you are best suited for. Send coupon today.

★ ★ ★

Whatever war work you do, may we ask one thing more. Rayon is important in military and economic warfare. So that it may continue to serve you at home as well, we ask you to buy carefully, to look for known quality labels and to conserve according to directions.

fashioned in TUBIZE certified quality RAYON

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TUBIZE RAYON CORPORATION, 2 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Please send me booklet "Where Am I Needed Most?"

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ADDRESS _____

Published in cooperation with War Advertising Council, War Manpower Commission, and Office of War Information by Tubize Rayon Corporation, 2 Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

A whole fresh batch of famous Tussy lipsticks has arrived at smart cosmetic counters everywhere! Smooth-textured and softening as ever . . . indelible as a girl could wish! Choose from the many rich, fashion-right shades, including rosy *Jeep Red;* bold, deep *Fighting Red;* healthy-bright *Miss America.* $1 each, plus tax.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS NOW!

TUSSY

COSMETIQUES

683 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

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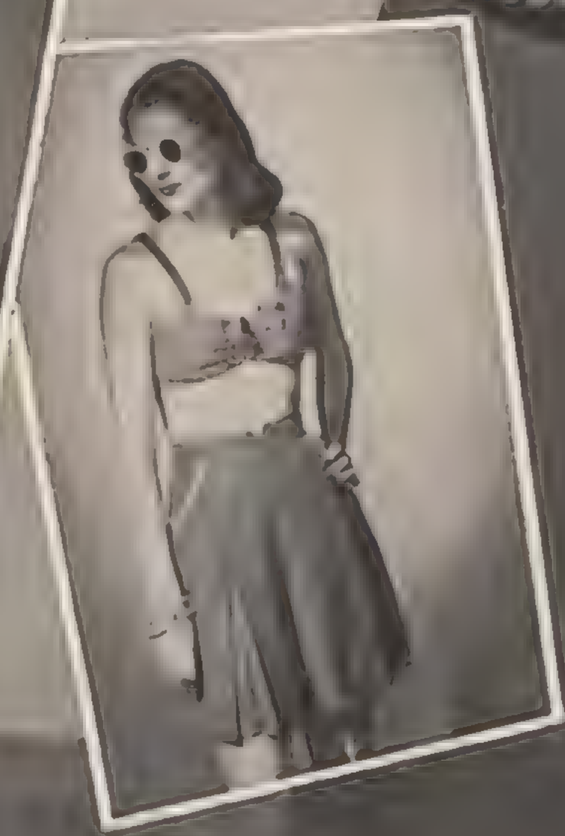
Nardis of Dallas

MAKES 14 COSTUMES OUT OF FOUR

It is a completely co-ordinated wardrobe. You see four pictures, but there are actually fourteen different outfits in this quick-change group. Each item tailored to a turn by Nardis in High-Tide, a cross-weave rayon, and rayon Shantung—by Hess Goldsmith. The colors are the last word in what's new for sports. Oyster, luggage, aqua, chamois, cherry and black. All in sizes 9 to 15.

Sunback dress, about $10.00. Bolero, about $5.00. Bra and shorts, about $10.00. Slacks and vestee, about $14.00. Jacket and skirt, about $16.00.



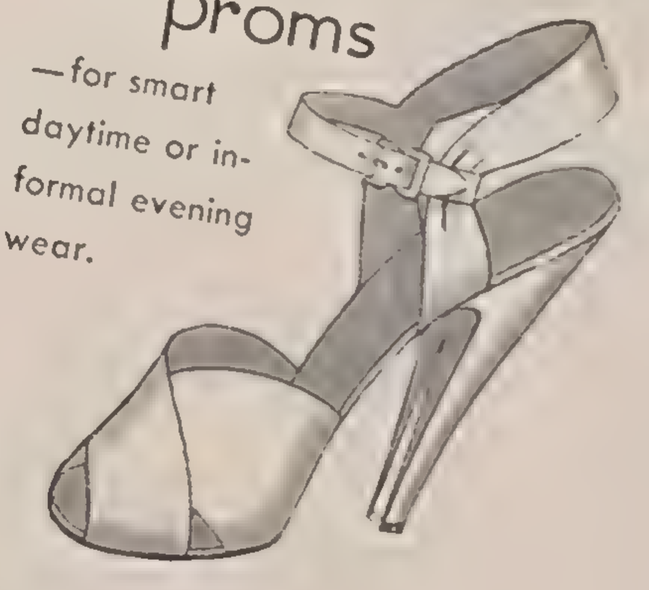
At fine stores everywhere, or write NARDIS SPORTSWEAR, INC., DALLAS, TEXAS

MORE THAN SUPPORT NEW FIGURE GLAMOUR

THERE'S A *Paradise* SHOE FOR EVERY OCCASION

Paradise Proms

—for smart daytime or informal evening wear.

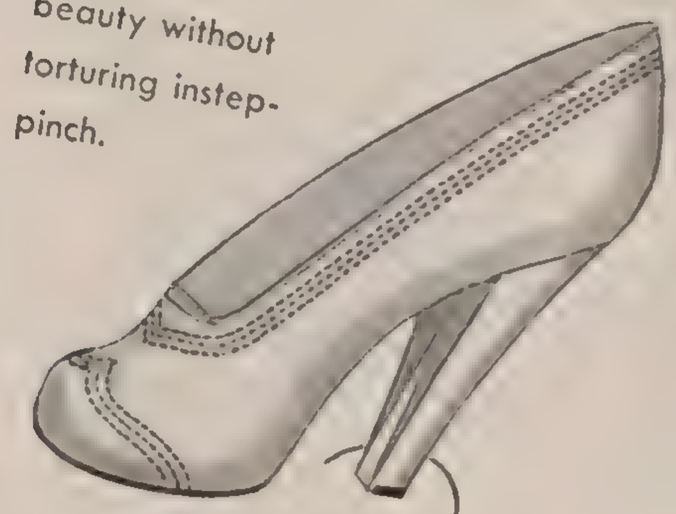


Paradise PARADERS

—for the utmost in cleverly fashioned walking comfort.

Paradise Tango PUMPS

—for exquisite beauty without torturing instep-pinch.



The HEEL-MARK *tells you at a glance... she walks in* PARADISE

BRAUER BROS. SHOE CO., *Paradise Shoes* ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

Warner's

Le Gant* Sta-Up-Top*

The Girdle that Won't Roll Over

The Ultimate in Fine Corsetry

Girdles and Pantie-Girdles $8.50 to $35

The Warner Brothers Company

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In a "Crown" Tested Rayon Fabric

THE DRESS: Silhouette of summer in a fabric that's handkerchief-sheer and delightfully soft to the touch. Blue or rose dots on black ground. Sizes 8 to 18 . . . under $40.00. Sailor by Jeanne Tête.

FABRIC TESTS: This dry cleanable CROWN Tested spun rayon fabric has been tested for:
Cleaning, wet and dry processes.
Perspiration.
Crocking.
Sunlight (10 hours).
Hot pressing.
Permanence of finish.
Tensile strength.
Resistance to seam slippage.

These tests predict this fabric will not change visibly in color or in texture, nor in size more than 2% if instructions are followed.

FEATURED BY:
BONWIT TELLER, INC., New York
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This identification awarded only to fabrics containing CROWN *rayon.*

Fashion by Herbert Sondheim in Hankasheer, a CROWN Tested spun rayon fabric by Cohama, made of rayon yarns spun from "Avisco"—the higher strength CROWN Rayon staple. Dyed and finished by Waldrich Co.

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Write for complete leaflet "How to Care for Rayon Fabrics" to

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

Producer of CROWN* *Rayon Yarns and Staple Fibers*

350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Photographed at The Baroque

it goes to your heart!
Intoxication
the stirring new perfume by
D'Orsay
$18.50 and $10 • eau de toilette $5

Wherever butterflies alight, there is the legendary promise of something new. KORET has taken fine spring wool, soft and cool to the touch, manipulated it into bags of every size and shape...tailored it...shirred it... draped it. Bags lined with rich bookbinders' leather in glowing colors. As with the postman..."neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night" will dull their lasting beauty nor hinder their round-the-clock performance of active duty.

Secret Connie Foster Shoulder
Hand-woven cotton check from Old Mexico.
White with hibiscus-red, fresh lilac, black,
watercolor-blue, and Mexican-pink . . 29.95
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eye bath · eye cream
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. . . for Lips

lipstick de luxe
in seven shades

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Vision . . . rayon stockings fashioned with expert detail for perfect fit and smooth beauty.

Looking into the crystal ball for Tomorrow's Visions—it's no secret we're planning for perfect "dreams" of stocking loveliness.

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tom boy playsuits

Wonderful for a busy summer . . . these clean cut stripes that double for play or street . . . Tom Boy tailored in washable cottons that you can depend on for washability and long wear.

Ruffle playsuit and matching button front skirt in colored cotton print. Blue, green or red with white stripes.
Sizes 12-20 7.95.

Classic playsuit and matching button front skirt in blue, green or brown woven cotton with white stripes.
Sizes 12-20 7.95.

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Luscious lips.. thrilling lips...

A few deft strokes of Mary Dunhill lipstick make lips smoother, gayer! Five shades: Luscious, Thrilling, Banner Red, Medium and Brilliant . . . $1.25 plus federal tax.

Mary Dunhill

Fifth Avenue, New York

AT BETTER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

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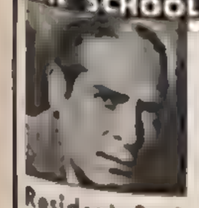

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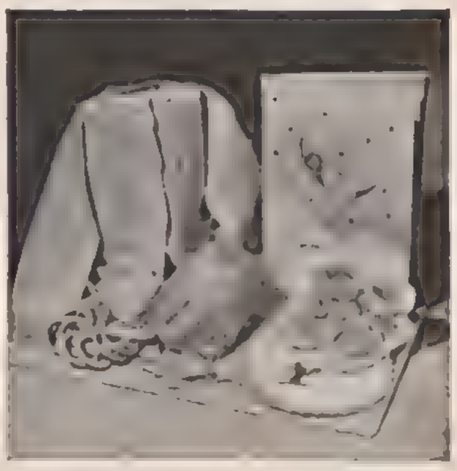

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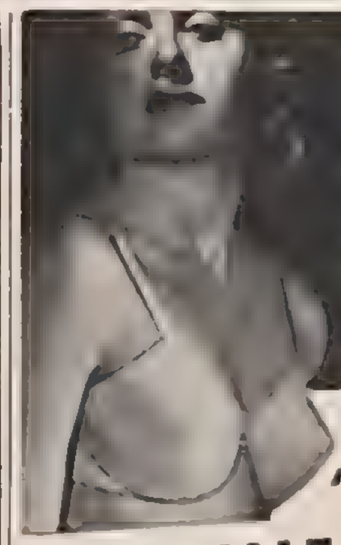

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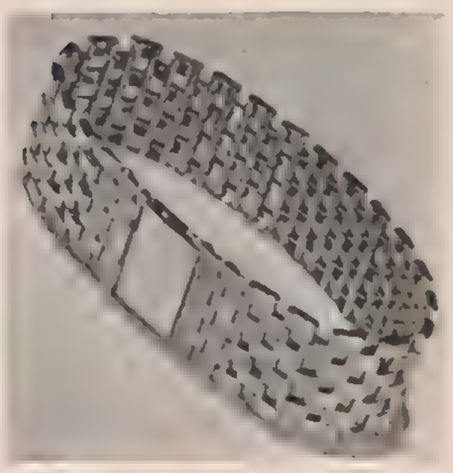

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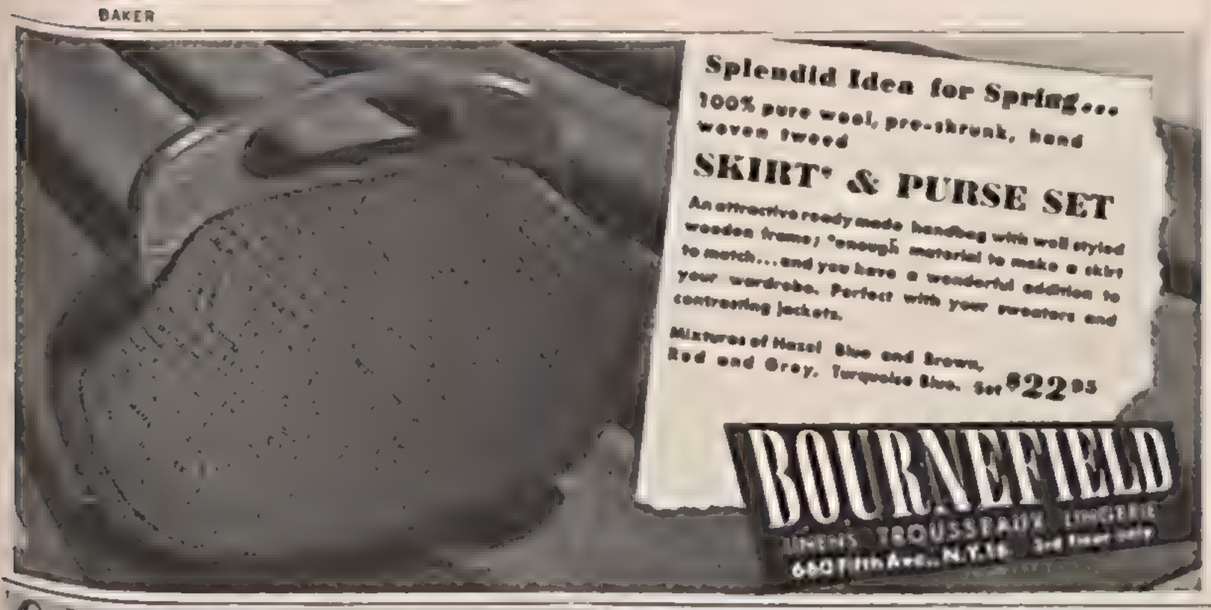

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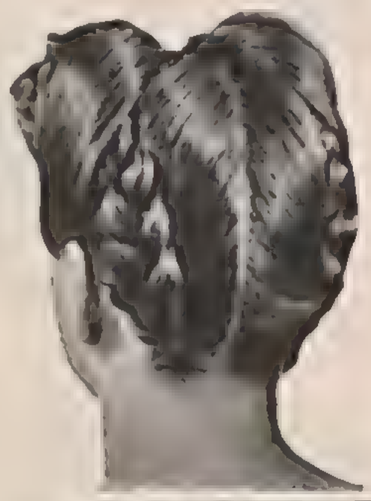

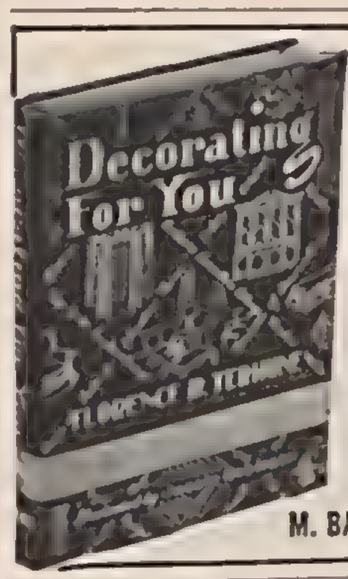

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ON THE COVER—Two "Little Girls" from Traina-Norell in box-coats. Pink Rodier wool and natural silk surah. Short-coat-dress ensembles: Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh; Nan Duskin. The straw-shantung hats: John-Frederics; Jordan Marsh.

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THERE ARE TWO VOGUES: AMERICAN and BRITISH
(French Vogue is temporarily suspended)

EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE
Editor-in-Chief of the two Vogues

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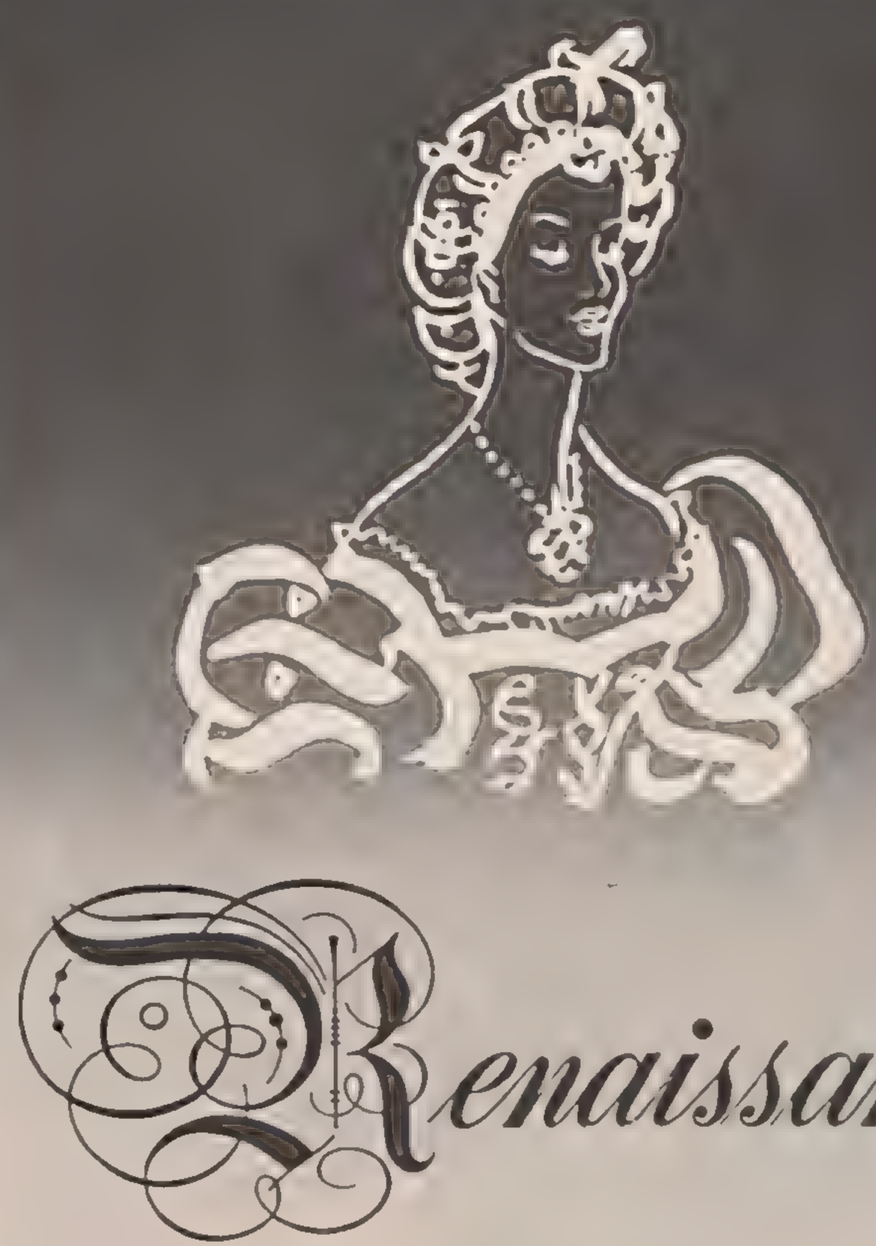

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Crème bouquet LENTHÉRIC

Vogue introduces 8 members of its Fashion Staff ...On the next 16 pages you see them in selections for their own Spring wardrobes

BABS RAWLINGS, former wife of the artist, René Bouët Willaumez, and now married to John Rawlings, Vogue photographer. She is a slim blonde with aquamarine eyes. Her pale golden hair is cut and swirled around her small, distinguished head in a clean, classic line. Long resident in Paris, she was for several years on Vogue's French staff; has a natural flair for fashion, which expresses itself in an original and sophisticated taste. She is quick to sense a new trend and often helps to make one, is herself no novice at designing, and has an inspired knack of putting this and that together with a sure touch. The little sketches signed *Babs,* sometimes shown in Vogue, are all her own ideas.

SALLY KIRKLAND: Army daughter, wife of Lieutenant (j.g.) Frederic Kirkland, U. S. N., and mother of one daughter, aged two. Sally is the long-legged, coltish, blue-eyed prototype of The American Girl. She is Vogue's specialist in less expensive fashions; is College Fashions editor; contributes a fillip of candid gaiety to everything she does; has an unexpectedly analytical fashion mind, with tenacious fashion convictions. The current established fashions of the sleeveless dress and the *curvette* half-hat are partly the result of her belief and her insistence. She loves a good bargain, finds them for Vogue; produces, among others, the Under Twenty and Guess How Much? pages.

MURIEL MAXWELL (Mrs. Coleman B. Rabin) has one of the better-known faces in America. She was one of the most distinguished and successful fashion models in New York and Paris, and she has posed in literally hundreds of beautiful fashions for American, French, and British Vogue. Through wearing so many of the world's best clothes, her own fashion sense was developed, and her personal fashion taste now works for Vogue. She studied at Barnard, has a mimic's sense of humour; is, as one would expect in a fashion model, tall, slim, and beautiful, but she is extraordinarily modest about her good looks and also about her dormant, but nonetheless definite writing talent.

BARBARA CUSHING MORTIMER (wife of Lieutenant Stanley G. Mortimer, Jr., U. S. N.) is one of the beauties of our day, the youngest of the extraordinary trio of daughters of the late Dr. Harvey Cushing and Mrs. Cushing. Her sisters are Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mrs. Jock Whitney. Mrs. Mortimer is the mother of two very young children. She gives a distinct impression of personal elegance and makes even the simplest of her costumes into something peculiarly her own by her choice of jewellery, which is always individual and frequently antique. She is tall, extremely slender, and her lovely head is an arresting design in black and white—camellia skin, blue-black hair, brown-black eyes.

ELEANOR SCULLY MONTGOMERY, Mrs. A. Moore Montgomery, has been Vogue's Shoe and Accessory editor for more than eight years. She is a small figure with a neat little head and a particularly neat pair of feet and legs. She has worked with shoe and bag designers, with belt and handkerchief designers and costume jewellers, from the inception of an idea until its appearance in Vogue's pages—and on smart women. She makes no mistake about the right shoe with the right dress; her clothes are simple, tending to strict suits and understated dresses; her accessories, the focal point of interest. Trim, dark, *soignée,* with sea-changing green eyes, she looks like a porcelain figurine.

DESPINA MESSINESI, wife of Milto Messinesi, officer of the Greek Navy, who is still in Greece. She is our little Shop-hound. Greek by parentage, she still has a lingering, faint, untraceable accent in her peculiarly charming honey-sweet voice. She knew the Paris *couture* in pre-war days, sometimes covered the Paris Openings for an Athens newspaper; was a well-known hostess in Athens. She is constantly in and out of the small shops of New York, on the scent of fashion news and fashion services. She is tiny, preternaturally neat, has three glitter points in her classic Greek face—polished white teeth, polished black hair, and almost unbelievably glowing black eyes.

CONNIE BRADLEE—Vogue's youngest editor. She is a graduate of Boston's Beaver Country Day School, made her début in Boston in 1940, has studied Fashion Design, is the great-niece of Frank Crowninshield, the editor and art collector. She is slim, browny-blond, pretty; has a tiny waist. She looks strictly non-athletic, but is a good skater, a poor but ambitious skier, a spotty golfer, wins swimming races, and would rather waltz than samba. For three years, she has helped build Vogue's Junior Fashions. She wears, with confident chic, the jersey jumpers, the tweeds, the wide belts, little round hats, and flat shoes she advocates for Vogue Juniors.

HELEN WESTON (Mrs. H. K. Weston) is the newest addition to Vogue's Fashion Staff. She is the mother of two tall sons, thirteen and seventeen years old; never contemplated a career until last autumn. She came to see Vogue, was seen—and conquered us by her quiet dignity and grace—her under-cover twinkle, and her effortless chic. She invariably wears a calot. That, and something about her pin-neat grooming, excellent figure, and fastidiously-dressed hair make people think immediately of the Duchess of Windsor. She contributes her own serene good taste to the women's fashions for Vogue...and because of her interest in her sons' friends, she keeps an advisory eye on Junior Fashions.

Editor's note: People often ask us who selects the fashions shown in Vogue, so it has occurred to us that our readers might like to see our fashion editors in the kind of clothes they select for themselves. Before the trained eyes of these young women, all the best fashions of America are paraded. In the days when there were Paris Openings, several of them were always there, so that their combined fashion experience is not, we believe, duplicated.

Readers sometimes ask us, too, why we always show clothes on "skinny mannequins," fashions that they think are not meant for busy women leading normal lives, but only for the very young—or those with unlimited time to spend on clothes.

Vogue's fashion editors are certainly busy women; they are not all young; but they do have the collective and individual asset of a slim figure (an asset for which some of them must work—perpetually). They range in type from the mature and sophisticated to the young and junior-ish. For this issue, they have turned themselves over to the photographers and artists, and in the next pages you will see how each one dresses her own distinctly marked type, how she plans her wardrobe.

We hope that these pages will help as well as interest our readers. We think that the clothes problems considered here are not unique, that there are thousands of women throughout the United States with similar needs. Perhaps one editor's choice of clothes to fit her type and her life may help you in your own choosing and planning.

Edna Woolman Chase

MRS. JOHN RAWLINGS, FASHION EDITOR, STANDS AGAINST A KALEIDOSCOPE-SCREEN OF VOGUE PAGES—IS HERSELF A GOLDEN MONOCHROME IN A SILK CRÊPE DRESS DESIGNED BY FALKENSTEIN

"I like fashion"

BY BABS RAWLINGS

...Vogue Fashion Editor photographed and sketched on these pages.

SELECTING WINSTON JEWELS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH. SHETLAND WOOL CARDIGAN SUIT BY KNIZE

I THINK the best fashion advice any woman could receive is to find her type and stick to it. Every woman has something to offer in the way of looks—either beauty, chic, an interesting face, a good figure, or simply a point of view about clothes. She must remain faithful to certain basic things that suit her and not scurry from one fashion type to another. Let her try to be elegant, charming, practical, or exquisitely neat—anything she really likes and that she feels projects herself; but "cute" fashions are properly reserved only for the Under Twenties.

Although my first fashion experience, and the basis of my training was in Paris, I admire enormously the American fashion industry, where the average of materials, workmanship, and design available to the millions is better than that offered by any other country in the world even in pre-war days. This American clothing industry is not based, of course, on the premise of perfection for the few, as was the French industry where the *couture* almost invariably had certain well-known women in mind for each of their important designs. Obviously, in America, the manufacturer who is cutting dozens or hundreds of every design can not plan the accessories...or pretend to visualize the entire costume of the woman who will ultimately wear his models. From the minute you lay your cash on the line for your dress or suit you are on your own—you have bought only the beginning of your personal style, and it is the next step which makes the difference. What each individual woman does with that beginning, is what determines the difference between personal chic or run-of-the-mill dressing.

Of course, I like fashion. I am fascinated with its history, its present, its future. It interests me as architecture interests some people. That I wear it, too, is a sort of pleasant, unavoidable byproduct. I design and experiment constantly with ideas, which ultimately I seem to wear. There are some little sketches of things I like to do with clothes on pages 121, 122, 123. I think women should buy clothes which are in themselves beautiful, which do reflect and project their own taste and personality. Then they should just relax and enjoy them!

RAWLINGS

BLACK WOOL WRAP-AROUND COAT, GREEN SHANTUNG-LINED. SILK SATIN HAT. BOTH: HATTIE CARNEGIE ORIGINALS

TWO-COLOUR DRESS. SHIRTWAIST, BEIGE-TOP, FLAME-RED SKIRT RAYON CRÊPE. ALTMAN

SIDE-FASTENING SHANTUNG PYJAMAS,
SHOCKING-PINK SHIRT;
GUMPS OF SAN FRANCISCO

MRS. RAWLINGS WEARS A
KNEE-LENGTH SATIN DINNER-COAT;
HATTIE CARNEGIE ORIGINAL.
HEADBAND, SKETCHED SEPARATELY;
HATTIE CARNEGIE

SLEEVELESS PRINT. CAPRI DESIGN, $40; BENDEL'S YOUNG-TIMERS

MY PERENNIAL BLACK SKIRT. BLUE BOXY JACKET, $25; PECK AND PECK

RAYON SHANTUNG BLOUSE. $10. WRAP-SKIRT, $9. BONWIT TELLER

RED RAYON SHANTUNG SUIT-DRESS. CAPRI DESIGN, $45; AT MILGRIM

SHORT DINNER-DRESS, ADELE SIMPSON DESIGN. $40; BEST

"I like variety"

BY SALLY KIRKLAND

...A Vogue Fashion Editor, photographed and sketched on these two pages.

I ADMIRE passionately those controlled characters who buy one or two good things, wear them for years, and look and feel consistently right in them. But I sadly admit that such a clothes philosophy or practice is not for me. Even granted the patience to amass the capital to buy that one suit, I would not do it, for I *like* lots of clothes, need lots of clothes, and don't like to spend a great deal on any one thing.

I hasten to add immediately that I do not advocate a consistent and belligerent level of inexpensiveness right down the line through suits, dresses, bags, shoes. In fact, the absolute best of a little thing, like a belt, bag, or gloves, will do a lot to glorify inexpensive clothes and does not involve the amount of money that the equivalent best in a suit or coat would. But there are certain inexpensive clothes that do *not* shriek their price, and it is on these that I concentrate. For example:

Little, shift-like dresses with "no trimming" other than a good belt; the sleeveless variety fit my shoulders better and have an expensive look. Most black rayon crêpe has no price give-away if you stay away from labour-eating details, intricate seaming, and irremovable contrasting gadgetry. When I choose prints, I usually stick to one dark, solid colour (black or navy-blue) on a light ground; these have a cleaner, richer look and gain distinction with dark accessories. And, if I can't find a good print within these specifications, I gratefully buy another striped dress, as it never fails to look far beyond its price. Two-piece dresses have the double advantage of fitting better at the waist-line, and of versatility, as the separate parts can often be worn with other things.

I usually fall for a dress of pretty or exciting colour once a season. There are certain fabrics, like shantung in the spring and summer—and jerseys in the autumn—which, though inexpensive, take dyes well.

The strictly tailored suit is not one of *my* economies. It is too easy to spot inferior cut and detail. However, there are ways of feeling "suited"—even though inexpensively: *(Continued on page 131)*

MRS. KIRKLAND IN A PIQUÉ BUTTONLESS JACKET. ACE POSSESSION FOR A VARIABLE WARDROBE. $15; LORD AND TAYLOR. WORN HERE WITH THE STRIPED SKIRT OF THE COTTON DRESS IN SMALL PICTURE. JOSEPH HALPERT DESIGN. $45; BERGDORF GOODMAN

MORE PERSONAL PLANNING ➡

HAWLINGS

MISS MURIEL MAXWELL WEARS A BLACK-AND-NATURAL SILK SHANTUNG SHIRTWAIST DRESS. ALTMAN; L. S. AYRES; THE BLUM STORE

"I like versatility"

MURIEL MAXWELL

...A Vogue Fashion Editor, photographed and sketched on these two pages.

I am not an exponent of sensational dressing—because, I believe that the authority of extreme style must be achieved by unquestionable quality. Since I can not afford the clothes and hats in the extremely high-priced brackets, I settle for discretion, good tailoring, simplicity, and versatility, in what I consider the medium-high-priced range. My size—not only my height, but also my large frame—makes good tailoring the foremost requisite of anything I wear.

Each season, I like to work out an interchangeable wardrobe of pieces good in themselves and good with one another. I take a basic neutral colour as a starting-point—this spring and summer, it is natural-beige, combined with black. See, for example, how many changes can be rung with my short box-coat of natural silk shantung, lined in black. It goes over the black-topped silk shantung dress on the opposite page; over the sleeveless short dinner-dress of black linen; over a natural or black chemise dress; over a black skirt. Equally versatile—the long coat of natural silk surah, lined with leopard-printed crêpe. It merges with its own printed dinner-dress; with the black linen dinner-dress; with the skirt of the shantung suit; with the black-and-natural shirtwaist dress.

Because of my long face, I try to keep my hats as *(Continued on page 133)*

SLEEVELESS SHORT DINNER-DRESS OF BLACK LINEN. ALTMAN

GJON MILI

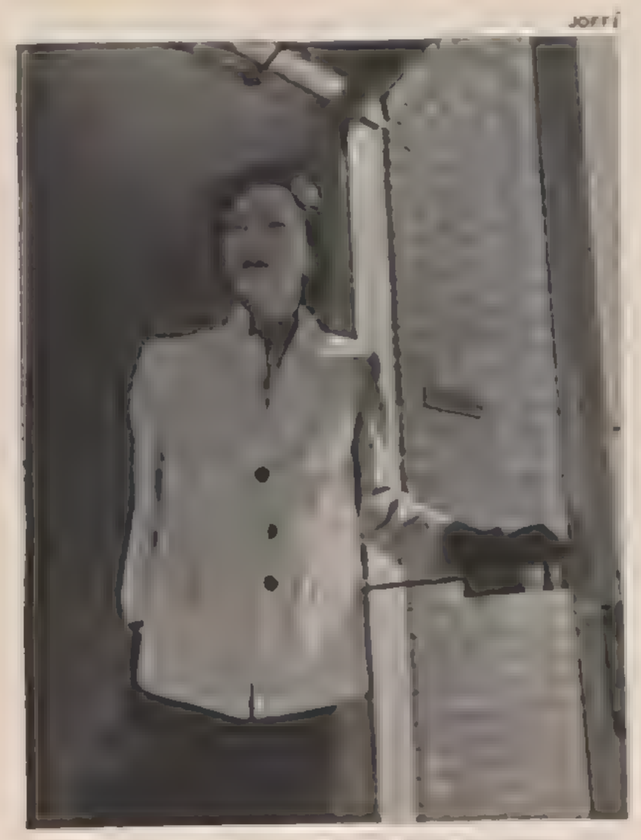
SILK SURAH COAT, PRINT DRESS. BY TRAINA-NORELL. BONWIT TELLER

JOFFÉ

NATURAL SILK-SHANTUNG SUIT—KRAUS DESIGN. BONWIT TELLER

WHITE PIQUÉ JACKET, BLACK-STITCHED. HATTIE CARNEGIE

JOFFÉ



NATURAL SILK SHANTUNG BOX-COAT. LORD AND TAYLOR

MORE PERSONAL PLANNING

"I like tradition"

BY BARBARA CUSHING MORTIMER

...A Vogue Fashion Editor photographed and sketched on these pages.

I LIKE the traditional craftsmanship of the High Couture—the craftsmanship which amounts to artistry. I like to see beautiful fabrics—silk satins, sheer linens, paper-shantungs—carefully designed, worked, and proportioned. In clothes, I look not only for line and movement, but also for delicate seams, pretty linings, integrity of detail. I like the arbitrary slimness of L-85 fashions —their narrowed, basic simplicity admits of an infinite richness of workmanship.

The look of being too deliberately dressed, with everything cautiously matching, always bores me. I like the sudden shock of non-sequitur colour. Colour, in fact, is my weakness. I fall in love with a pale blue coat (even though it spends its life at the cleaner's). I like the pansy-blue of the paper-silk shantung suit photographed on this page. I like the quick red of the Flower Show rose that blooms on my black-and-white checked cotton beret. I like the giddy dinner-hat, with its bright sprawl of pink cabbage-roses and green velvet leaves, sprinkled with pearl and paillette dewdrops. I like white—traditional flattery for the dark-haired. For dinner at home, or at the house of friends, I like to wear diaphanous white—see the dress on the opposite page.

Antique jewels—little, ingenious pieces—appeal to me far more than anything massive and modern. One of my best-beloved bracelets (shown here with the black silk alpaca dinner-coat) is a gold rope, dangling a clump of precious old gadgets: a hand of coral and gold, a heart paved with diamonds, a turquoise bauble, a tiny enameled watch, shaped like a beetle.

Tradition is my taste. I like the simplest shoes, closed-toed, and uncluttered as a straight line. I like mammoth hand-bags, made with the beautiful precision of English saddlery. I like conservative gloves, though I occasionally have them made of special materials.... The blue shantung gloves, which I wear with the suit shown above, mark the limits of my excursions into on-hand fantasy. I like blouses made with all the nice attention of an 1890 Worth trousseau. I like suits not too austerely tailored—but, in the great French tradition, feminine, and flecked with subtle detail.

JORRÉ

BLACK SILK ALPACA FITTED COAT BY FIRA BENENSON. BONWIT TELLER

RAWLINGS

PAPER-SILK SHANTUNG SUIT—CHIFFON BLOUSE. BY SOPHIE OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE'S SALON MODERNE

BLACK-AND-WHITE CHECKED COTTON BERET BY JOHN-FREDERICS

GLITTER-SEWN FLORA ON PINK GROSGRAIN BAND. BY LILLY DACHÉ

RAWLINGS

MRS. MORTIMER WEARS A DINNER-DRESS OF WHITE LINEN AND SILK CHIFFON. BERGDORF GOODMAN ORIGINAL. COIFFURE BY PASCHKES

MORE PERSONAL PLANNING

"I love accessories"

BY ELEANOR MONTGOMERY

...A Vogue Fashion Editor photographed on these pages.

AFTER everything has been said about types of clothes, and what to wear where, and who should wear what, the finishing touches, the little things of wit and imagination which a woman *adds* to her clothes are by far the most interesting.

If you analyse a smart woman, you find, of course, that her clothes are good, that they fit beautifully. But there's more to it than that. You'll invariably find that there's some little trick she's used that's entirely her own. She's matched her scarf to the pink rubies on her hand. Or she's matched the lining of her jacket with little jersey gloves. Or she's pinned a jewel on her cuff, or her belt, or her bag.

All the little things, the details, the accessories-after-the-clothes fascinate me. I'm a member of the school of have-one-good-thing, wear it, love it, take care of it. Keep changing it so completely with accessories that no one realizes how much I really wear it. My first wish is to have a really good black suit. A tussur suit in summer...perhaps a faille for afternoon or don't-dress dinners. And, of course, a black basic dress that takes to accessories like an empty stage-set to actors.

On these pages are a few spring-into-summer accessory suggestions: the tussur suit (#1), shown here with a double-saddle bag of white cotton, piqué gilet and gloves, has a "second chorus" of accessories: natural straw hat, gloves to match, and a gold chain across the lapels. The pigskin bag (#5 and 6) has a shoulder-strap which is also a belt. My silk scarf printed with bees (#9) is twice the fun because I was lucky enough to find jewelled bee pins.

There are certain sporting rules for good accessory hunting. Remember, it's always Open Season. Fair game is anything from an old paste buckle in an antique shop...to a coloured veil in a department store. To score, accessories must have a design clue, like the bees matching, or a colour-clue...camellia-pink scarf and fresh camellia (#8), or a fabric-clue—the blue satin evening bag and gloves (#3), which match the blue satin lapels of my dinner-suit (#2). The exceptions are the beautiful jewel accessories, which lend enchantment in themselves, like the diamond daisies on the opposite page (#4).

2. SHORT, SLIM, DINNER JACKET-SUIT OF NAVY-BLUE DUCHARNE RAYON CRÊPE. BACK BOW AND BOLERO LAPELS OF SILK SATIN. DRESS AND BOLERO. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

5. CANTEEN-SHAPED SHOULDER-BAG OF GILT-STUDDED PIGSKIN. EDOUARD CUSTOM MADE.

1. WHITE COTTON BELTING BAG, PIQUÉ GLOVES AND GILET. LILLY DACHÉ. BLACK TUSSUR SUIT. DE PINNA

7. PINK SUIT OF KNITTED WOOL. BLOUSE AND FOB. HATTIE CARNEGIE

3. SATIN BAG; LORD AND TAYLOR. GIVE IT A BIG JEWEL. PIN BY VAN CLEEF AND ARPELS

4. DIAMOND DAISIES, LARGE AND SMALL. À LA VIEILLE RUSSIE

6. BAG STRAP MAKES A BELT. PIGSKIN GLOVES. ALTMAN. PRINTED SCARF. MADY MARTELL

8. CADWALLADER'S SILK SCARF, PINK-AND-BLACK. FROM LORD AND TAYLOR

9. CADWALLADER'S BEE SCARF. A PAIR OF CORO BEE PINS. ALTMAN

RAWLINGS

10. MRS. MONTGOMERY IN A SLIM DINNER-SUIT. QUILTED LINEN JACKET EDGED IN SILVER BEADS. SKIRT OF BLACK SILK CRÊPE. BERGDORF GOODMAN ORIGINAL

MRS. MESSINESI IN A
BLACK SILK DINNER-SHEATH
AND SHOULDER-CAPE.
PATH OF JET EMBROIDERY
FROM NECK TO HEM.
BY FIRA BENENSON
OF BONWIT TELLER

ROSEBUD DINNER-HAT; JOHN-FREDERICS.
BLACK LACE GLOVES; HATTIE CARNEGIE

"I like a sense of proportion"

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

...A Vogue Fashion Editor, photographed and sketched on these pages.

I AM what is known as "a little woman"—size 10. Comparing myself to standard models and even with the other editors. I'm a pony edition. Huge, squared-off shoulders, outsized jewels—I can't wear at all. They submerge me. I must dress to scale.

I have black hair, black eyes, dark skin, which means that every hair must be in place, every colour exactly right, or I look like a gipsy. As Shop-hound, I am in and out of the little shops all day, walking fast, trying to keep up with my busy schedule. I must wear the sort of clothes that don't need attention once they are on—hats that stay on, the kind of suit or dress that can keep up with my pace and not show fatigue before I do. A suit like the alpaca cardigan, on this page, with its jacket cut like a Minoan bodice. It might be a snug bolero suit of shantung from a ready-made collection at Chez Rosette. With it, a touch of bright colour—a printed tie-silk or pink shantung blouse from Sport and Travel.

I like colour-teams in accessories—short leather gloves and a small leather bag that hits the same colour key are a specialty of Lederer of Paris. Henri à la Pensée has hand-bags with surprise-coloured linings, which are fun to match with a pair of gloves.

After the day's work, I want the frou-frou and fragile—feathers, veils, flowers, filmy lace gloves. I illuminate the dark of my short black dinner-dress, with a coif of pink rosebuds and ruffled lace or a shining silver-straw sailor, with a pink ostrich feather. I look for wisps to wear on my head: the deftly twisted, feminine poufs of lace, or clustered bows that Jeanne Rousseau can do; the muted shades of Edward Paine's little flower-garden disks of straw, his beautiful bacchante crowns.

At home, I dare brilliant colours—like these tangerine slacks, jackets with vivid embroidery. Colour, for me, is as much a matter of proportion as line. Too much or not enough, and I lose my equilibrium.

For a really big evening, I look for the sort of dress that can give dignity to my size 10. I find it in the long, black Fira Benenson dress, opposite. It has the symmetry and balance of a classic column. And I almost look tall!

JOFFÉ

SILVER STRAW AFTER-DARK HAT. BY TATIANA DU PLESSIX; SAKS FIFTH AVE.

GJON MILI

ORANGE ENKA RAYON PYJAMAS; LORD AND TAYLOR. DELMAN WOOD CLOGS

GJON MILI

BLACK ALPACA SUIT, PINK SILK BLOUSE. BY NETTIE ROSENSTEIN. BONWIT TELLER

STRIPED TIE-SILK HAT AND GLOVES. BERGDORF GOODMAN

CASSIDY

RAWLINGS

MORE PERSONAL PLANNING

"I like to be my age"

BY CONSTANCE BRADLEE

TONI FRISSELL

PALE BLUE PRINTED LAWN BOUFFANT EVENING DRESS. HENRI BENDEL'S YOUNG-TIMERS. $25

...Vogue's Junior Fashion Editor, photographed and sketched on this page.

As far as fashions are concerned, I'm glad I'm twenty this year. Designers are giving us all the details which are our twenty-year-old dish: low, round neck-lines, cap-sleeves, which need slender arms, smooth necks. Jumpers which take slim hips, wide shoulders. Berets. This year, we can look twenty *and* smart.

I am the original comfort girl who likes clothes to be easy, simple, underdone. I like a few clothes that are exactly right for me and have a high degree of mixability... such as dark or neutral skirts with contrasting jersey tops; good background dresses for changing scenes with accessories; comfortable shoes; short, black, quite bare dresses for supper-club evenings; and young décolleté, bouffant dance dresses for big evenings—such as the dress on this page.

Invariably my hats are simple, close, small. I feel "foolish" in feathers and flowers. And veiling has me cross-eyed in twenty minutes. The cloche, sketched below, is my type of hat—neat, light. Basque berets and *curvettes* are my alternatives.

The short, melon-coloured cardigan coat below, I chose because I could close my eyes and see it all summer with black or grey or white; with long skirts and short; with town suits and country slacks—looking as if it were chosen for each outfit.

BRIMMED CLOCHE OF SHOCKING-PINK AND BEIGE PANAMA STRAW. FROM SALLY VICTOR

KAY BELL

MELON-YELLOW CARDIGAN COAT, SHETLAND WOOL. A LASSIE JUNIOR. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE. $23

"I like line-pure and simple"

BY HELEN WESTON

...A Vogue Fashion Editor, photographed and sketched on this page.

I SUPPOSE I look like a "type." As though I had decided once and for all how I looked best and fashions could come and go and I would cling faithfully to my little calot and nose-veil, my strictly tailored clothes, my pearl earrings. Actually, I look for and wear every new fashion trend that emerges—*if I like it*, and if it doesn't violate my one Fashion Principle, which I hope I never forsake...that is, pure, simple, true line. That's why I like a little hat that follows the contour of my head. That's why I like my hair to be smooth and neat. That's why I admire good shoulders on a suit. The short coat...the cap-sleeve...the wide, round neck-line are all favourite fashions of mine, and were at this time last spring, when they were just sprouting. Fashions aren't necessarily radical, just because they're new!

I have a special problem which I know I must share with thousands of women who have both families and jobs—who live in the country and must come into town every weekday of the year. What's more—my work in town is seldom at a desk where I can take off my coat and hat. Every day I must cover some Opening, see a new Collection on Seventh Avenue, have lunch with business associates. Often I must be ready to go from the office to cocktails and to dinner. *(Continued on page 138)*

BALKIN

MRS. WESTON IN A SHORT DINNER JACKET-DRESS. PINK-AND-BLACK RAYON CRÊPE. DRESS, $65. JACKET, $35. BY BEN REIG. JAY THORPE. JEWELS: MERMOD-JACCARD-KING

GREY CARDIGAN SUIT, LIGHT RAYON-AND-WOOL ALPACA. $80. BERGDORF GOODMAN

LONG, FLOWER-PRINTED DINNER-DRESS. ENKA RAYON CRÊPE. $70. JAY THORPE

Conversation piece...Palm Beach

THE life of the winter colony in Palm Beach, apart from the firm and businesslike young SPARS, divides into five groups—all transient, and all, to the joy of the inhabitants, deliciously rich.

Biggest of the five groups is the Audience, the people who come from all over the country, unheralded by any newspaper, who fill the expensive hotels, buy at the expensive shops, eat at Bradleys or The Patio, besiege the railroad ticket offices, and read, avidly, the details of the lives of the newsworthy. Smallest group are the Uplifters, who throng the Five Arts Club, and talk of art or foreign affairs under the orange-trees in the Club's pretty garden. (Uplifters are ninety-nine per cent. feminine, of mature age and enthusiastic judgment, dressed in white and determined to down their own conviction that Palm Beach is mostly gossip, gambling, and golf.)

Busiest of the groups is Welfare. Those who belong in it work with vim and eagerness at local canteens, at Ream General Hospital (formerly the Breakers Hotel—now a big hospital specializing in plastic surgery), and at the Red Cross. They live in simple houses, solidly comfortable, but as unexotic as palm-trees, hibiscus, and bougainvillea will permit.

The core of Palm Beach—the two groups that give it its peculiar and definite aura, its dash, and its gossip-column allure—are the Social and the Rich. Here Palm Beach comes into its own. These are the ones who build the houses—Hawaiian or Bermudian now, no longer Spanish—who draw the visitors who pay the taxes and make the wheels go round. These are the ones who have the sea-blue swimming-pools, palm-fringed; the patios, and create all the really interesting scandals. These are the ones who pose unconcernedly on Worth Avenue, who wear fabulous and photogenic jewellery from 11:00 A.M. until midnight. They are also, of course, the ones who fill the Community Chest, who buy Bonds to meet the town's quota, who give generously and with a sense of civic responsibility to local enterprises. They divide neatly into the two categories of Social and Rich for various reasons—background, training, and tenure of fortune. But of neither group could it be said, "These are the Sheep, these the Goats."

THE Social have been coming to Palm Beach for several years. Not more than fifty-one per cent. feminine, the group has a masculine element made up of over-age playboys, men on vacations from war jobs, and a few decently and deservedly retired businessmen. The women are, by all odds, the best-looking in Palm Beach, except for the salesgirls in the Worth Avenue shops. They wear clothes well, simple white dresses for the street, linen shorts at home. They play golf at The Everglades and swim on their own beaches or in their own pools. Quieter this year than in pre-war days, with sons and brothers overseas, they spend—from a sense of duty—many hours a week with the Welfare Group, or they play golf with a visiting Service man, combining pleasure and war work. They are not, on the whole, as good newspaper copy as they used to be.

The Rich, on the other hand, are better copy than ever. In this community of conspicuously comfortable people, they are outstanding and fascinating figures because of the luxury of their lives. The houses of the Rich, usually newer than those of the Social or more recently redecorated, are Hollywood dreams of beauty. Although some of the Social are still living in houses that are Mizner- or Fatio-Spanish, full of dark English antiques and the aura of a New York apartment, very few of the Rich have so old-fashioned a setting. Their houses are ebulliently, beautifully new. Pale walls, pale chintzes, soft pale rugs, and huge bowls of mimosa, gardenias, and tuberoses—these are their surroundings. Patios are more often terraces now—still awash with bougainvillea, strong purple and red, with tender, potted amaryllis, still accented by the swooping curves of the elegant, effete-looking palm. (This is entirely deceptive: the palm carries a lethal crown of cocoanuts, and the town collectors are forced to go around emasculating the trees in the streets to protect the pedestrians.)

BUT the symbol of the Rich is none of these tropical delights, or even any of the decorators' clever new ideas. It is a Towie table, covered in cream-coloured velvet, set on a terrace flagged with coral-rock in the afternoon shadows or under a reflector lamp in the warm night. Towie, that nerve-racking stepchild of bridge, is the absorbing, exhausting business of the Rich in Palm Beach. It fills their afternoons and evenings with excitement and suspense. And there is no nonsense about who's to play with whom. Players are assorted automatically by stakes—half a cent, a penny, two cents—and if three men are at one table and none at the other, no one cares.

The women at the Towie tables are dressed as though for tennis week in Newport: tight, high-heeled white shoes, elaborate prints, chiffon scarfs, and huge bracelets—no bare legs, no dirndls or beach dresses, no casual, easy-going clothes here. Jewels flash, eyes flash (teeth, alas, seldom flash), glasses sparkle. Everything is sweetness and brilliance and fierce competition. But the jewels fill the eye: huge, magnificent stones, slipping heavily on their hoops of metal. None of the players takes all this for granted. They come to Palm Beach almost by instinct from every part of the country, as salmon gather in the Columbia River. They are friends, or, rather, acquaintances, of only one or two years' standing, but they all look alike. Affable and independent, mutually distrustful of one another, they are simple and good-natured and shrewd, with a native quickness of tongue. One of them, reprimanded by a "friend" for wearing *(Continued on page 132)*

RAWLINGS

PINK SATIN BOX. Go to dinner in a short box-coat—signature of the Spring Collections. Wear a swinging square of satin or faille... Above, a candy-box coat of Bianchini's Fiberset silk satin. Pink satin gloves, and a short black rayon crêpe shift with a clump of fresh pseudo-flowers at the throat. All at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin; Frost Brothers...Fragrance for a pastel evening—Yardley's "April Violets"

"The Blue Angel," by Marc Chagall--Of all the painters today, the great master of phantasy, of the dream world suddenly revealed in colour, is Chagall, whose paintings have the remembered ache of an unremembered loss. Success came to this Russian, who is French by training and who lives now in New York, when he first worked with the *avant-garde* in Paris just before 1914. It has remained with him through his years as a designer for the theatre—he did the sets and costumes for the Ballet Theatre's "Aleko" in 1942—through his exhibition this year of his Mexican canvases. "The Blue Angel" is in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Luce.

"FE-4 Calling the air base.... haven't enough gas to get in"

Lieutenant John G. Stewart of the U. S. Air Force writes of what the men in the ground crews go through when one of our airplanes is wounded

THE airplane can stand just so much vibration and just so much friction. The human being can stand just so much neural strain and just so much mental agony. I want to tell you of a man and of an airplane who did more than this.

Most of the squadron was in the pilots' alert shack when we first heard from this man and this airplane. It was ten o'clock, and the usual lull in the morning traffic had begun when the radio in the corner picked up the S.O.S. "*S.O.S...S.O.S.* FE-4 to Tower. On one engine 450 miles out; haven't got enough gas to make base, impossible to make base."

We got this call on the voice frequency four hundred and fifty miles out; since the ——— ———, a pin point in the middle of the Atlantic, has no radio interference for over one thousand miles. When the call came through to the shack, all conversation stopped; the joking and the card-playing stopped; even the flies seemed for a moment to stop their incessant buzzing. We glanced at one another with the kind of helplessness that only pilots feel for those of their clan when in distress. The arrival board listed FE-4 as a two-engined bomber—E.T.A. 12:45. This type, we knew, had plenty of gas to cross the "drink" on two engines; but, with only one engine working at a much increased power setting and with the inaccessibility of the gas of the dead engine, we accepted the pilot's prophecy, "impossible to make base."

NEVERTHELESS, although realizing it was hopeless, we got ready to bring him in. We had the radio station make ready to take a bearing on the S.O.S. signal; loaded the alert ship with the necessary emergency equipment, and sent a pilot to the tower to "talk him in." In the midst of these preparations, we heard his voice again. "FE-4 to Tower—Over 300 miles out—Pulling 40 inches and 2,400 r.p.m.—100 feet off the water. Don't know how long my engine will take this pounding." His voice sounded as if he were ordering dinner; doesn't the fool know he can't make it? If only he can hold it off long enough to get an accurate bearing taken; perhaps our ship can spot where he "ditches"? But the radio operator was having trouble getting through, and we all knew the difficulty of getting a bearing on a moving target one hundred feet off the water and three hundred miles out. Pilots listening in on such an emergency can think of more "if only's" than a Monday morning quarterback, and you can be sure we thought of them all. Now it was up to the radio operator, and we were glad he had something to do. It's not so bad on the pilot, too busy to reflect; but think of the torment of the crew watching the angry whitecaps.

After this second call, the radio offered us only crackling sound waves and its mute testimony that the plane had already gone in. But the tower operators had not given up. All local ships in the air were ordered to stay off the frequency, and the tower men were constantly returning their receiver with the freq. meter. Finally, they picked him up again, "Good engine sputtering and missing. Guess I'll have to set this baby down." By this time a fairly good bearing had been taken, and our alert ship was on the way. Even with an accurate bearing, it would demand excellent navigation, as well as a good chunk of luck to intercept the distress ship. But the tower shouted encouragement with, "Keep her coming. Rescue plane is on the way."

"TOWER from FE-4." This time the voice was shrill, slightly hysterical. "Am setting up M.O.'s—Am setting up M.O.'s for you to home on. How are they coming in? How are they coming in?"

We didn't receive any M.O.'s, but we did hear a calm voice from a transport flying the same route. To the boys from Pan-American, flying the ocean is like doing the milk run back home, and this voice immediately took command. He issued instructions to the excited radio operator on the proper method of sending out M.O.'s by tuning up his transmitter and varying his antenna length for maximum transmission. The voice of the radio operator then came in more confidently as he obeyed instructions. Crowded around the radio, we breathed easier until the pilot's voice came in, "50 feet off the water and making 100 knots an hour—100 gallons of gas left. Will keep her going till everything gives out."

"619 to FE-4." It was the reassuring voice of our alert ship. "We are now picking up your M.O.'s and out heading your way."

All we could do back at the base was wait; wait silently, straining for more news. The silence rippled with suspense; it was the kind of tension unique among pilots who are "sweating out" one of their fellows. While we strained for more word, we calculated the amount of gas left with the mileage remaining and thought of the flying skill necessary to hold that ship in a flying altitude on one engine just above stalling speed. Then—some garbled sound waves. The receiver was quickly readjusted, and we heard, "Plane on my starboard wing. I'm on your right just off the water. *(Continued on page 134)*

THE FACE OF

CECIL BEATON

WARTIME EXHIBIT IN THE BOMB-WRECKED, EMPTY FOUNDATIONS OF WHAT WAS JOHN LEWIS' OXFORD STREET STORE

"Nothing brings about so many changes as a war..." Here is the altered London of five years of conflict

EVEN in times of peace, the minutiæ of daily life change so ceaselessly and rapidly that they are soon forgotten; yet nothing brings about so many changes, vast and irrevocable changes, as a war: then, even the element of time itself seems to undergo unaccountable variations. Just as one forgets relative stages of ill-health, we forget how we have felt at different times during the last years. Let us try to look at the transient things of these days and at life in England in the fifth year of this war.

As soon as the "patching" of the big cities begins, shall we forget the beautiful vistas created in some of the most crowded areas by the demolition squads who so quickly tidied away the bomb wreckage? Perhaps some unexpected snapshot will remind us of those glimpses, reminiscent of Venice, of the water repositories among the shopping arcades, or with the trees of the squares reflected in their surface.

Shall we forget the effect of freedom and beauty that the London squares assumed when the railings were first taken down, or shall we—remembering only how these green plots were abused and trampled over until no blade of grass remained—forthwith erect instead "new art-style" railings?

Who, once the rebuilding of the crowded centres begins, will remember that in 1943 the roar and rumble of Oxford Street buses were mingled with the gentler sounds of hens and ducks from the farm in Berners Street, or that pigs slept peacefully in enclosures improvised among those bomb ruins?

Shall we remember how we leant over the wall and looked down on to the forum-like cavity at the corner of Bond and Bruton Streets, and were surprised to see the mound of manure left there; and how we wondered why architects so seldom treat us to an aspect of a site sunken below street level; and how we marveled at the luxurious growth of the purple milkwort, or willow herb, growing throughout the bombed areas?

LONDON by Cecil Beaton

Do we realize the shabbiness our towns have acquired during the four years in which no building has been repainted? Do we notice that the shop-windows are boarded, save for a small square of glass displaying within a poverty of wares that no longer strikes us as curious or depressing? Are we conscious that the hands of so many clocks stand still, not only at Grantchester, but at Liverpool Street station and throughout the city?

Accustomed to ever-increasing poverty, we look back to the past year always as a period of comparative richness. We can hardly believe that those days were so recent when the customer was always right, or when, without fear of a stinging retort, we went confidently into a shop to buy a box of matches, some elastic, a roll of photograph film, or a bottle of soda-water. As Vic Oliver asks, "Do you remember razor-blades?"

If we have much to be proud of, let us be permitted to grumble at the little things. The petty restrictions are harder to bear than the greater ordeals, for they often seem unnecessary and possess no dramatic value. Allow us our rages of frustration at the wastage of time and energy that must be endured in order to battle through each day's work. There are black days when it seems that the telephone, postal, and train service all combine, on purpose, to retard our impetus.

One day, shall we look back with a certain tolerance upon wartime manners, which are so bad that, to prove the continuance of courtesy, old ladies must write to *The Times* to say they have been offered a seat in a crowded train or bus? Shall we remember how the standard of honesty in small things declined so that gloves, umbrellas, and rationed articles seldom found their way to the Lost Property Office?

Shall we remember the tyranny of taxi-drivers? I have never been one to sentimentalize in B.B.C. fashion about the London cabby. While not unmindful of those who have shown a friendly spirit under difficult circumstances, it is exceptional to come across a driver who ekes out his small petrol ration with polite regard to his clients; who manages a "thank you" in return for a tip, however generous, or even speaks at all.

The forlorn cries of "Taxi" have become as much part of wartime existence as the droning of airplanes above. We are, nevertheless, almost as irritated as the taxi-drivers themselves when our companion, instead of walking straight home and treating the trek as an occasion for the same sort of talk as a country walk inspires, petulantly and continuously whimpers, "Taxi, taxi," and turns hopefully or despairingly to gesticulate at each passing vehicle, whether it be a mail van, a "jeep," or merely the Duke of Alba sitting back in his vast limousine.

Our eyes become trained to spotting distant taximeter flags, noting at over a hundred yards whether they are rampant or at half-mast, whether covered with a glove, cap, or duster.

Shall we remember the strange metamorphosis of Piccadilly Circus? How in the long twilights of "double summer" evenings, the one-time glittering centre of the metropolis came to resemble a sort of Arab market-place, with American soldiers (who in the Middle West spend their evenings watching the life of their home town) here lolling or squatting along the walls, on the sandbags, or cross-armed, quizzing the passing pageant of Piccadilly, which by their presence acquires a cosier, more intimate, village-like atmosphere.

Shall we remember that nine o'clock at night was considered a sacred time, when everyone stopped, as for the muezzin in Mohammedan countries, for the evening news? Many people consider it an offence if you should telephone at the hour of the bulletins. As you walk down the street at news time, the same voice bellows through all the windows *(Continued on page 119)*

IN BERKELEY SQUARE: NO RAILINGS, BUT WATER FOR FIRES

SUNDAY IN HYDE PARK: MORE BASEBALL, LESS CRICKET

PAPER SHORTAGE: COLLECTION FOR SOLDIERS' READING

NAIVE WILDFLOWERS ON SOPHISTICATED BOND STREET

Making much of gingham

Gingham's such a good summer resort for town, you might make your own gingham cooling system. A flash of checks. Your arms in the breeze. Or a mannerly plaid based on the theory that you're cool when you *look* cool. Both are city-ginghams, not intimidated by jewels.

• BELOW, LEFT. Cool and undercover—in a seemly dress for town, for trams and trains. It's narrow in outline. Wide in fact (trouser pleats at the skirt front, an inverted pleat at the back). The neck-line scarf and long sleeves are bias-cut. Nice in black-and-white. Or if you can find your own clan plaid, special in that. Vogue Design for Dressmaking, No. 5155.

• BELOW, RIGHT. Cool in the open—in a poster-design of black-and-white checked gingham. The yoke and armbands are all cut in one piece. One piece, with the sleeveless, open-throated look of this summer. This is a dress you could easily put in print. Design No. 5146.

• BACK VIEWS AND SIZES ON PAGE 136

KAY BELL

Vogue Designs for Dressmaking

SHADE FOR SUMMER – crême-brulé silk pongee...muted, discreet, newer than stark-white in a summer suit...the sun-lighted look of yellow accessories, pigskin gloves, bag. Suit, 10 to 20, $99. Saks Fifth Ave.; Harzfeld's; Rich's. "Montezuma Red" lip-stick; Elizabeth Arden

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Nowadays, the Young . . .

By G. B. Stern

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The wise and tender author of "The Matriarch" and "The Woman in the Hall" writes of England and the English young nowadays. This is an excerpt from her new book "Trumpet Voluntary" to be published in the autumn by Macmillan.*]

STAYING on the river during the summer of 1942, I began to notice with some emphasis that girls had changed since my young days. (I had been wondering for a long time when I should begin to think like this, and whether I should try to prevent myself from saying so? Apparently not.) I have lived, since the war began, in the same house with girls of eighteen, nineteen, twenty-four, and twenty-eight. The first three especially seemed to be taking life un-youthfully, or at any rate without physical enterprise or enthusiasm. I came to the conclusion that to get up early, to care for nature's amazing parade, to love eating or drinking out of doors, to bathe, to go in boats and for walks and even to the other end of the garden, are pastimes that belong to the middle-aged, to the forties and fifties—health permitting—and that must be why I only noticed the difference when I myself reached that age.

The young girls of the 1940's are temporarily set on a negative course. They do their work well, but their pleasures and freedoms, so far as I could see without asking, consisted of *not* getting up, *not* exploring in the rain, *not* bathing nor dragging the boat out, *not* picking flowers nor climbing hills. I neither could nor should criticize them, because I know they have been cheated as a generation, cheated of their fun, and I believe they have minded slightly more than the young men; and I felt dreadfully apologetic, though I suppose it was not altogether my fault (please note that "altogether"!). And indeed, much the same thing happened to me when I was twenty-four and the last world-war crashed out over our heads. These girls cannot have their lighthearted good time prettily decorated with plans for dancing, for holidays, for new *un*serviceable clothes (unserviceable in every sense), and shopping, and lights in the street. Their silk-stocking time. And perhaps because they know more surely every year of the war that they will be called up soon, or volunteer soon, to a life of physical stress and physical adventure and physical hardship, to a life of danger even, and to utter unselfishness, they were subconsciously husbanding their forces, not squandering them, setting themselves stubbornly against all little minor playtime enterprises. To go out and walk in the rain, bathe in cold streams and rivers, exhaust bodies and tire limbs battling against the wind and nature—why should they call these things fun and adventure, when they are not fun and adventure any more? Soon enough it will all be coming to them as reality; then they will do what they must, and do it well. Meanwhile, an obstinate listlessness was how I interpreted their attitude: stay indoors, stay in bed, stay dry, rest, read, do part of today's crossword.

The twentieth century crossword education calls for a footnote and an instance: the clue is "battle colour," the answer discovered by not-quite-eighteen without ever having heard of it: "Solferino." It had to be verified by the dictionary; not, of course, for information's sake, but if it chanced to be wrong it would complicate the whole of that corner. "Yes, it's all right!" triumphantly, "...'a purplish red colour discovered in the year of the battle of Solferino'." An offhand way to pick up education, but from the point of view of the girls of the 1940's, any steady recurring distraction was better than setting out in search of makeshift fun when fun itself was lost.

Rest and read and do our crosswords; make ourselves an underslip from that piece of crêpe de chine luckily left over from Auntie's birthday *(Continued on page 124)*

SHANTUNG (opposite)

Shantung for warm days—light as air, cool as shade—in summer hues of the elemental earth colours.

1. Flame-bright, bow-belted peplum suit of rayon shantung. Soft, shirt collar. $40. Franklin Simon.

2. Turquoise bolero, earth-brown skirt of rayon shantung. $40. Scroll-blouse, $16. Bergdorf Goodman. Suits 1 and 2, by Adele Simpson.

3. Clay-beige with sky-blue in a smooth silk shantung dress. $80. Skylight—shantung hat.

4. Leaf-green and bark-brown in this silk shantung day version of an hour-glass silhouette, belling sleeves, skirt, snuggest possible waist. $90.

5. Sandstone shade, mellow and cool, in a collarless slip of a dress, cartridge-pleated. Silk shantung. $80. Daisy jewels, and 3-4-5; by Nettie Rosenstein. Bonwit Teller; Filene's.

• All shantungs opposite, sizes 10 to 18; The 28 Shop, Marshall Field.

RAWLINGS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PRINCESS GOURIELLI'S NEW YORK HOUSE

ABOVE: Linen is widespread news—for day, for evening. Here, taken from Bergdorf Goodman's mid-spring collection, linen in a late city edition. Cool, immaculate dinner-suit, with a brief cardigan jacket and a long, front-slashed skirt. Of natural-coloured linen, star-dusted with tiny gilt points

Linen in a new light

OPPOSITE: Linen—new protocol for dining in, dining out. A Regency dress, slim as a closed fan, of fine handkerchief linen in bright yellow—embroidered in the golden wreaths and sprays of flowers characteristic of the period. Evening dress; jewels on both pages: Bergdorf Goodman Originals

I'd like to see... IN AMERICA

Hopes for the future; new conscience; new planning; new ideals...and a good try at getting man to understand man

BY EVELYN CLARK EMMET

I'D LIKE to see every human being working for his and her living. This working need not involve a pay check; this working should involve earning one's right to live.... I'd like to see one national newspaper, readable, factual, with no editorial policy but the truth.

Less mouthing about democracy and more practicing. More people who catch on to themselves when they talk racial prejudice and world coöperation all in the same breath. In politics—less admiration for the personality kid, more admiration for the kind heart, the profound mind. More public men like Fulbright, Wagner, and Will Rogers, Jr.

Jobs for all. Intensive planning, this summer, for enough jobs in each community to carry the returning men through at least a year. Photographs of fighting Americans pinned up in every house that hasn't its own man at war. More people like Margaret Mead and Karl Menninger to tell us about our human selves; like Stuart Chase and Beardsley Ruml to tell us about our economic selves. A columnist, a news commentator, trained in psychology, to interpret daily not only just WHAT the humans on the globe are up to, but their motivating WHYS. A peace plan that takes into serious consideration the drives within Man himself. An active gratefulness to Britain for El Alamein and Italy, for the R. A. F. An active gratefulness to Russia for her mighty, monstrous victories, that have permitted us to gage our time.

SCHOOLS for statesmen, with training as tough and as specialized as that now given to doctors, lawyers, and engineers. Less stress on the importance to human happiness of eternal youth, smooth hands and iceboxes, with conversely more stress on character and brains.... More sense of colour, of form, of line. Better architecture for small houses, more planned cities, more window boxes and front-yard gardens. Movies, good, exciting ones, to teach history and social politics in schools. People learned more about America from "Gone with the Wind" and "The Covered Wagon" than they did from grammar school. (If only Hollywood realized that truth is more exciting than fiction.)

I would like to see all Americans face these stark facts: (1) We are still on but the fringe of war. The full horror, the mighty battles, are yet to come. (2) We must have larger taxes—borrow more War Bonds—to pay for beating the enemy. We must stop our wild buying to dam up inflation.

I would like to see a libel suit in the cause of Christ, against all organizations fostering racial prejudice in His name.... More men of God who remember that Christ himself used an angry whip to drive the enemy from His temple. More Congressmen who have been in Europe, who have seen a man fighting for his country but not yet allowed to vote in it; who have seen the Englishman winning with our equipment; who have seen how much a Russian looks and laughs like an American young man; who have seen a child starve in any conquered country.

Less worrying about the length of a movie kiss and more worry about cinema misrepresentation of international facts...less concern over the sinful aspect of a Varga girl, and more jealous defense of freedom of the press...less lurid reading on the Victory girls, more concerted effort to organize young people's recreation, and young people's knowledge of good old sex. Less drab box-coats, low heels, and socks; more soft, gay dresses and ribbons and veils....

ROVING faculties of stimulating, successful personalities, to lecture from school to school...not just saving them for special, super-colleges. More dancing, more square dances in the country, more big airy dance floors in town. Less possessive mother love. Psychiatric training for all medical students, and many more top specialists in psychiatry. A new play for Ina Claire, and for Jane Cowl; and twelve movies a year for Fred Astaire. Less vicarious love affairs between the feminine masses and the current male idol. More honest-to-God love between husband and wife.

A whole new gamut of mores and gadgets to free women from compulsory housework. More women who think of themselves as full-grown citizens instead of clinging cooks. Reliable birth control information in all state health programs instead of just in seven as at present. The profession of domestic work as honoured as that of a trained nurse. I would like to see many more women in important positions (within the next ten years I will).

More compulsory good health! Everyone given a thorough medical examination once a year...and whatever is wrong promptly treated. I would like to see a streamlined Congress (fewer men, longer terms); freed of the constant fear of election returns.

I would like to see a face cream to stop wrinkles; indelible lipstick; indelible mascara.... More opera the public will pay to see—more up-and-coming museums like the Museum of Modern Art.... More schools for adults like the New School for Social Research...a stupendous ballet of "Tristan and Isolde;" choreography by Agnes de Mille, sets by Eugene Berman.

A State Department staffed with permanent key men—and not a one wearing mental spats. Affirmative backing of all-Democratic governments. A continuing firm show-me attitude toward the Germans, strong enough to keep us concerned about their future.

More people who love living.

I'd like to see... IN ENGLAND

Hopes for the future: good living, good manners, good sense...more efficiency, fewer Spartans, above being comfortable

BY LESLEY BLANCH

MORE common sense among all the high-flown ideals. More public services which consider the public. More women who realize just how constructive a part they must play in shaping the future they are fighting for now. A firm refusal on their part to be fobbed off with a patronizing pat on the back, as soon as woman-power is no longer at a premium.

A comfort crusade. Comfort taken for granted, regarded as a birthright for everybody rather than a luxury for a few. There's no moral virtue in discomfort, so why have we, as a nation, endured all the minor discomforts of haphazard domestic planning for so long? Even before the war, central heating, constant hot water, refrigerators, cars, and telephones were still unattainable luxuries to the bulk of the country. Yet none of those things are wildly exotic indulgences. They save health, and time, and labour, so why should they be regarded as remote dreams? America, dubbed a woman's country, went for domestic comfort in a big way. The women demanded it. They knew what they wanted, and saw that they got it.

Let's have as much standardization as possible in general house equipment; for example, standardized electrical gadgets. Let's not be led too far astray by the national passion for individuality. Let's have done with the old plug-pulling plumbing (a different approach to each plug, and real mastery only gained by long experience). Let's have standardized, press-button toilets that flush automatically, efficiently. Let's have built-in pipes, and have done with lagging the old outsiders each winter. Let's have built-in cupboards everywhere. And let's have a sound basic principle, use before looks, on which to design everyday objects, such as foodstuff and cosmetic jars. Let's have no more of the toppling, tapering kind, which knock over at a glance, and leave the last scraps inaccessible.... And, in non-practical matters, just the reverse—let's fight to be as individualistic as possible.

LET'S have a properly organized system of ready-to-wear clothes, graded in many sizes, to suit the odd proportions of the human figure. Let's be able, as they do in America, to find ready-made clothes for all the in-between measurements. Not just for the extremes—the doll, the Venus, and the mountain. What about the dump, the broomstick, and the roly-poly, who, up till now, have always been seen at the big stores as crimson-faced and dishevelled martyrs, fighting their way out of fitting-rooms, or else drooping remotely inside vast versions of the original model, seams overlapped and pinned in almost double, hems turned up treble, alterations charged accordingly.

Let's have no more of that rugger-scrum at theatre-bars in the interval. Some sort of a roped-off, move-along one-way would treble the sales, and give everyone a chance to be back in their seats for the next act. Let's have change-giving gadgets attached to public telephone booths. Let's have parcel and laundry delivery depots, one to each two or three streets, where people who are out all day can have their goods left, and collect them later. *And* let's have the sense to work such places in shifts—keeping open late enough to suit women who work.

LET'S have the domestic labour question put on an intelligent basis. It's vocational, a thing we always forget, as we go on employing untrained, casual labour, the char and the woman help, who "do" for us sporadically, between their own chores. Let's have big, properly-run, expert-tested bureaus, from which we can hire certified efficiency in the various specialized branches of domesticity as we need them, by the hour, or day. Let's have a good cook, to serve up a dinner when we're entertaining in our own home. A competent housekeeper who will take charge of our store cupboards and general shopping and ordering. A laundry expert, for our lingerie. Someone who'll take over the mending (there is the nucleus of this, now, engendered by the war, in some of the big, voluntary organizations which undertake to mend for hard-pressed factory workers, the fee going to war charity). All this applies particularly to women who are working: that is, not much in their own homes.

And here, a word about how much we'd like to see those who've had years of tough Service life in uniform, overalls or whatever, resisting the natural temptation to flop, when it's all over. This will be their big chance to get what they want from the New Order. Let's hope they don't pass it up in a temporary fit of floosie femininity, which, though a thoroughly understandable reaction, is a dangerous state of affairs, and one on which, we feel, the more reactionary forces are counting.

Let's see better manners. Not just *chichi* gestures of gallantry, but the real consideration which goes to make up good manners. Let's see more and more and more interest, on the part of women, in public affairs. Let's see children educated to understand something about world affairs, as well as party politics. Let's see them learning plumbing and electrical engineering and carpentry and gardening and cooking and some sewing, as well as Greek and mathematics.

Let's see our public schools teaching boys to be more self-supporting, domestically. After all, the Navy knows how to sew and cook, besides firing torpedoes and battling across the Seven Seas. No one thinks it odd that a woman should earn her own living, *and* run her own home. But it's oh, so pathetic and clever if a man does. Let's dismiss that as rubbishy sentiment, and strive for a world of equal citizenship, with shared privileges and responsibilities, shared duties and pleasures.

People

RAWLINGS

Lillian Hellman, distinguished American playwright

Slim, doe-eyed, with hair more red than gold, New Orleans-born Lillian Hellman is the author of "The Searching Wind"—a hard-hitting play, subcutaneously totting-up a high-minded American's bewilderment, both personal and political. A perfectionist, with a series of Broadway hits to her credit—"The Children's Hour," "The Little Foxes," and the prize-winning "Watch on the Rhine"—Miss Hellman is apt to rewrite a passage twenty times, a whole play from beginning to end no less than a half-dozen. She has the fanciest Hollywood contract, which permits her to write what she pleases, but also to abandon any story that she grows to dislike

THE ALBRIGHT TWINS (opposite) painting "The Picture of Dorian Gray." On the left, Malvin Albright (he generally uses the name Zsissly in order to appear last in art catalogues) paints the dashing young Dorian; on the right, Ivan Albright, a master of the macabre, paints Dorian grown repellent and fiendlike. The Albrights were commissioned to do these soul studies by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which is filming this famous Oscar Wilde novel. The story of Dorian Gray is that of a beautiful young man, who, looking at his newly painted portrait, wishes that it might grow old in his stead. This happens, but each successive phase of his degenerate life is reflected on the canvas. Deciding to reform, Dorian one night slashes the picture to bits. Next morning, his servants find him dead, a knife driven into his chest; the picture has resumed its youth and beauty. Factualists to a wrinkle, the Albrights had dummies modeled after Hurd Hatfield, the newcomer who plays Dorian. These dummies they set in their Wildesque studio, where they work with occasional Hollywood sorties—wearing red or purple wigs instead of hats.

are talking about...

RALPH CRANE

The Albright twins in their Hollywood studio, painting "The Picture of Dorian Gray"

MRS. PALMER DIXON

MISS MARY HOWARD

MRS. SHERMAN JENNEY

MRS. PALMER DIXON

Wear them forward

Mrs. Palmer Dixon, above, wears, forward, a bonnet of turquoise felt with a flurry of satin bows. Precious jewels and hat Original; Bergdorf Goodman.

Miss Mary Howard wears, forward, a rough straw platter with roses against its brim, a twist of blue satin ribbon. Hat; Madame Reine. Jewels; John Rubel.

Mrs. Sherman Jenney in a *very* forward visor beret of natural straw with two pink roses. A Hattie Carnegie Original. Also at I. Magnin. Jewels; John Rubel.

Mrs. Palmer Dixon in a tilting forward, butter plate size pill-box of toast straw braid, eyebrow veil of Chantilly lace. Hattie Carnegie Original; I. Magnin.

• **OPPOSITE:** Miss Mary Howard, young actress (now overseas with a U.S.O. unit), wears a Walter Florell forward hat of white felt, with a rose on the brow. Lindner Coy; I. Magnin; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia. Rubel jewels.

JOFFÉ

MISS MARY HOWARD

JOHN ENGSTEAD

GEORGIA CARROLL, once a Vogue model, now a radio singer and movie starlet. Here, soaking up the sun on a Hollywood set, she wears a white chemisier. English madras. $30. 12 to 20. Connie Foster design. Abercrombie & Fitch; I. Magnin; Titche-Goettinger

JINX FALKENBURG

EILEEN McCLORY

California sun and star(lets)

The sun shines east. The sun shines west. And Californians, who know where the sun shines best, design clothes to soak up their own golden-yellow variety. They wear them, as these movie fledglings do (as you may, too), for every occasion under the sun.

• Appearing in Columbia's just-released "Cover Girl," Jinx Falkenburg meets the sun on a Columbia set, in a streak of a white piqué dress. Plastic-buttoned. Scarlet-striped bows. About $23. 12 to 20. Connie Foster design. Abercrombie & Fitch; I. Magnin.

• On the Ivan Parker San Fernando Valley Ranch, Eileen McClory of Columbia's "Cover Girl." Her Ducharne rayon crêpe print is scribbled with "Gin Rummy." The ruffle—a slim dividing line. $49. 10 to 18. Monica design. Jay Thorpe; Neiman-Marcus.

• Chicken farming on the Ivan Parker Ranch, Miss McClory in an L-85 edition of a Mexican *falda.* The braid-struck black rayon skirt, $11. The braid-trimmed Everfast spun rayon blouse, $8. 10 to 18. Louella Ballerino design. Altman; Neiman-Marcus.

• Taking the sun's razzle-dazzle in the sun's habitat. Eileen McClory on a movie set, in a cool pencil of imported chambray. Sea-blue and white print. Quasi-sleeveless. $25. Sizes 12 to 18. A Connie Foster design. Abercrombie & Fitch; I. Magnin

MISS McCLORY AND CHICKENS

MISS McCLORY WINDOW-SHOPPING

THE AUTHOR HEATS A LAST-MINUTE SAUCE

Cook your own

Dining with Mrs. Samuel B. Valentine in her lemon-green living-room: Mrs. Hubbell Robinson, junior (Therese Lewis, who wrote the film, "What A Woman"), and three British Navy officers. The dinner, cooked by the hostess, is served as a buffet, three separate courses, on a low table

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *In spite of the cracks at her own cooking that Mrs. Valentine makes in this article, she is one of those people who makes everything she touches interesting—food not excepted. Busy in New York as a writer, as a Nurse's Aide, and a member of Ships Service, right now she is cooking her own parties near her husband's Army camp.*]

THE editors of Vogue are extremely rash to ask me for a piece on cooking, or, for that matter, any domestic subject. They must be figuring on the basis of anything for a change, because two years ago I had trouble boiling an egg, and I still think it is rather tricky.

I didn't start to cook from necessity. It was, rather, a variation of those THEY-LAUGHED-WHEN-I-SAT-DOWN-AT-THE-PIANO dreams; I thought it would be terribly chic if I could appear divinely dressed (with masses of pearls), bearing in my flawlessly kept hands a superb soufflé. No one would believe that I had made it until they trooped laughingly into the kitchen, and there were astounded to find no Cordon Bleu Chef, only little me. So I didn't learn to cook for quite a while.

Then one day my husband announced that he was tired of spending from $6 to $12 every Thursday and Sunday night, and inquired, mildly, why couldn't I get to be like other women—at least, learn how to open a can. Stung, I retired to the bedroom to sulk over an old cookbook.

This episode, coupled with the periodic and finally total absence of our maid, marked the real beginning of my cuisine career. About the only natural asset I brought to the job was that I loved to eat—nothing special, you understand—just anything. This passion kept me going when more refined types would have quit. I could at least have a nice time sticking my finger in things and sucking it as I went along (and I still think cake batter is better than cake, but since I am supposed to be an adult I don't bandy this about). Otherwise, I was in the kitchen the way many bench dogs are in the field—stupid, highly nervous, and given to whimpering.

My greatest trouble was with the cookbook vocabulary. "*Fold in egg whites...*" It seemed strangely difficult to get hold of the mixture and make a neat pleat. After a brief struggle, I decided it must require some queer implement which I lacked. "*Baste every five minutes...*" Lucky for me I thought—that's the only kind of sewing I can do,

party...by Elizabeth R. Valentine

and prepared to stand by with needle and thread. "*Dredge with flour...*" This one stopped me; as far as I was concerned, dredging was something the cops did in the East River when they were looking for a body.

Finally, quite by accident, I happened to open the cookbook at the beginning, and there found all these terms explained—as for idiots. From then on it marched, *un peu*, to the extent of giving a party at least once a week. And, now, many burns later, there is a fifty-fifty chance that people coming to my apartment for dinner will get something to eat.

On the theory that there are a couple of other clowns around like me, I shall pass on a few things I have learned or dreamed up. Readers with any culinary knowledge at all can quit right here and get on with their vol-au-vent.

To begin at the very beginning, don't buy much more than a saucepan and spoon until you have done some cooking, because, let loose in a houseware department, you will be a sucker for all the Rube Goldbergian gadgets available. (I still am.) Then, when you know what you need, buy the best you can find, not merely because of the investment, but also because it's much more fun to work with handsome equipment; takes a lot of the curse off cleaning up, too.

Plan meals (this also applies to those Untouchables who still have cooks) when you are hungry, but buy food, especially if you go to the store yourself, when you are not. Ideas born of hunger make a juicy menu, but, by the same token, if you shop when ravenous you will come home with all kinds of tidbits, no two of which add up to a meal. (I could play "Delicatessen" right now.)

When you begin cooking in earnest, take an afternoon off and start with something you crave, no matter how complicated or impractical it is. (Mine was mayonnaise—and I didn't have to give it to the cat.) It is the same principle as handing a kid a story with an exciting plot, regardless of how difficult the literary style may be, if you want him to get in the habit of reading. The green-vegetable-and-a-chop start has bored a lot of beginners right out of the kitchen. (When you've finished, what've you got?—a green vegetable and a chop.)

Try to arrange to cook for someone other than yourself; the solitary performance thwarts the ego and eventually brings on pellagra. And you might as well plunge right in and invite four or five people. Except for dishwashing (English sailors are handy at *(Continued on page 120)*

Dining with Mrs. Luther Davis (the former Dolly de Milhau) and her husband, Captain Davis, en route between India and England, is Mrs. Vincent Paravacini, daughter of Somerset Maugham. The casserole dinner, cooked by the hostess, is easily served from a table near at hand

• First Aids for Entertaining

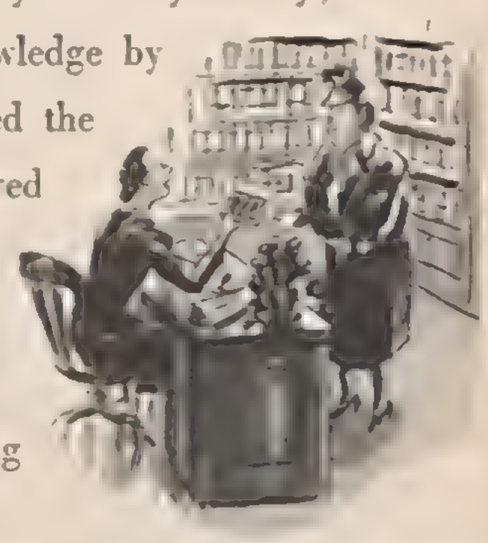
1. A cool look for summer: salad bowl of thick glass, and Lucite servers. Georg Jensen.
2. For after-dinner coffee: a pink china set, Lunfred design. Georg Jensen.
3. A large, indispensable casserole and individual pots. From Bazar Français.
4. Wartime choice of six pieces of sterling silver: The pattern is Wallace's "Grand Colonial."

Cartoonists draw themselves

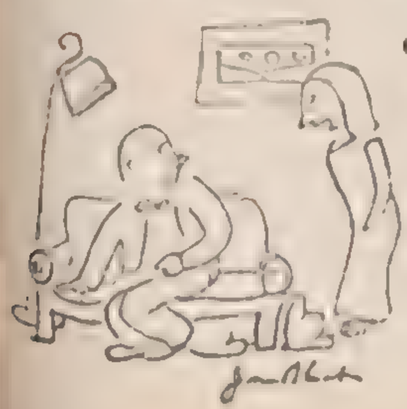
These three great cartoonists have become identifying idioms in the language. People look like Thurbers and Hokinsons and Prices. For these artists have contrived characterizations that are intravenously true. In doing so, consciously or not, they have also cartooned themselves. Each has a happy affinity for a certain cartoon. Price likes best his belle-hag, reading through lorgnettes to her husband washing dishes, "It's from the matrimonial agency that introduced us; they want a testimonial."... Hokinson's favourite is the female group around a world globe; one eager lady squeaking, "Goodness, isn't Chile thin!"... And Thurber prefers the undauntable woman shouting at a bland hippopotamus, "What have you done with Dr. Millross?"

George Price's cartoons are famous for men suspended in ectoplasmic lethargy, for charwomen, desiccated and shrewish. Working disconsolately in advertising agencies, Price years ago drew the famous cartoon of the man floating over a bed, his slovenly wife succinctly saying, "He's been up there for three weeks, and there's nothing we can do about it." Drawing to order, to fit gags sent in by *The New Yorker's* readers and by his gag-man, Richard McAllister, Price often throws his own face out of joint for the full effect of a peculiarly wacky expression. But mostly he gathers his subject material in subways, parks, and on beaches; files his sketches in a morass from which only George Price can retrieve a character.

Helen Hokinson's cartoons are famous for their women with well-upholstered hearts of gold, platformitis, and a general air of determined bemusement. "The Girls" were first conceived as a result of a course in dynamic symmetry; the class was asked to illustrate their knowledge by drawing whatever they saw that proved the theory. Hokinson saw only bold-prowed females. Today she still sees them, fits them into situations called for by the chosen gags. Fondly faithful to "my best girls," she tracks them down at the Dog Show, at auctions, and at Schrafft's.



James Thurber's cartoons are famous for their smugly frustrated humans, their disconsolate hound dogs. Once a doodler, he did endless stream-of-consciousness drawings until one practically whistled for a gag-line. Now the caption comes first, for Thurber's near blindness—resulting from an accident in his youth—has increased. To bolster his vision, he wears a hooded shield like a precision welder; works a sparse forty minutes daily, using soft crayon on an oversize drawing pad. The art world takes Thurber's cartoons seriously, exhibits them repeatedly. But to Thurber, drawing is relaxation. He takes his writing seriously; with Elliott Nugent wrote the play "*The Male Animal.*"



Kindness, Inc.– The Travelers Aid Society

BY MARY JEAN KEMPNER

COCOANUTS at four A.M. for his hungry monkey mascot was what the Marine just back from the Pacific wanted; the soldier back from North Africa had lost his wife on the Staten Island Ferry; the seaman just off the Murmansk route was afraid of being "rolled"... these are run-of-the-mill puzzlers for the Travelers Aid Society volunteers on duty in the Service Men's Lounge, high on a balcony of Grand Central Station. The endless line of men who wander in and out come there because they're lonely, because they're broke and want to sleep in the red leather armchairs, but, mostly, they come there because they want help.

Sometimes a white-gaitered M.P. brings in a bantling private, docile but slightly drunk; the volunteers give him black coffee to drink, then tuck him into a big chair to sleep it off. Sometimes a burly seaman just off a convoy, a nine-hundred-dollar payroll searing his pocket, asks to leave the mass of wadded bills with the Travelers Aid for safekeeping, taking only twenty-five dollars for spending money. Sometimes it's as simple as the boy who wistfully asked if anyone knew what time it would be in Kenosha, "I was just wondering what Ma and the kids were doing."

Occasionally, a contingent waiting to board an embarkation train comes into the Lounge. Usually an officer precedes these tight formations: as a security measure, a safeguard against vital information leaks, he asks to have the mailbox removed, sets a guard at the telephone booths. Then the men march in in battle dress. Something about the amount of equipment they carry—the gas mask, canteen and tin helmet—cuts the men down in size and age, making them seem more like children than fighting men. They swagger from nervousness; they don't want to talk or read; instead they smoke countless cigarettes, drink black coffee, and whistle at the girls crossing the station floor below. When the order comes to fall-in, they move rapidly, jerkily, anxious to be done with it.

The Grand Central Lounge and its sister at Pennsylvania Station operate on a twenty-four hour a day schedule. The staccato plop of hard-hit pingpong balls, the bombilation of a tireless piano, play counterpoint to the muffled roar of the station; against this curtain of sound the volunteers, plus a handful of paid workers, care for endless lines of men on the move. When a man joins the fighting forces, he automatically becomes a traveler...his "stay-put" days are over. During an average month, 240,149 men have passed through the two New York lounges. They have eaten 95,520 doughnuts, drunk nine hundred pounds of coffee and 2,969 quarts of cream—all for free. Within reach they find a shoeshine kit on hand for last-minute spit-and-polish—it has irresistible lure for sailors. There's a sewing-box stocked with buttons and chevrons, a volunteer to sew them on. There's even an overseas cap to be loaned to any soldier who has lost his, provided he mail it back. (The M.P.'s will not permit a capless soldier on a train or out of the station.)

The Travelers Aid helps the men get hotel rooms or reservations. They know where a boy can take his girl for dinner and dance on $6. They check his luggage, take his telephone messages, they cover him up when he falls asleep. Most important of all, they wake him. A big yellow tag is pinned on the sleeping boy with the wake-up time marked in bold lettering; a description of the sleeper and his location is then listed on a call-sheet on the supervisor's desk.... "At 4:01 wake the red-haired sailor sleeping back of the piano." *(Continued on page 126)*

Opposite: The Service Men's Lounge– Grand Central Station

PLEASE CALL ME
AT
PLEASE CALL ME
AT 2.30 AM
Eric 44

VOGUE'S JUNIOR Fashions

KAY BELL

MISS CYNTHIA McADOO AND CPL. NICOLAS VOGEL AT THE CANTEEN MARSEILLAISE

The Canteen Marseillaise is poignantly At Home to Fighting Frenchmen in New York. The bare bistro-room has a shock and sparkle of works of art by Léger, Masson, Kisling, Calder—gifts of the artists. The *vin rouge* flows free, and the reminiscent juke-box plays weepy waltzes, dizzying "javas," shiny old tin-foil fox-trots from Montmartre.

At "La Marseillaise," Miss Cynthia McAdoo, New York débutante, Barnard student—and Corporal Nicolas Vogel, eighteen-year-old volunteer in the French Air Corps.

Miss McAdoo wears white Celanese rayon jersey. $18. Bloomingdale; Famous-Barr; Carson Pirie Scott. (Vogue's Junior Fashion #2)

(opposite) AT THE HANS ARP EXHIBITION

Young visitor to "Art of This Century" Gallery looks through a cut-out program of the exhibition of Hans Arp's abstract constructions, paintings, and *collages*.

Iced-coffee colour, and that cool—her Crown Soap 'n' Water rayon shantung dress. $18. Altman; Neiman-Marcus; Kaufmann's. White cotton Wear-Right gloves: Altman. (Vogue's Junior Fashion #1)

• BOTH DRESSES: JUNIOR SIZES 9 TO 15. VOGUE'S JUNIOR FASHIONS IN 101 SHOPS OF THE U. S. A. . . . SEE LIST ON PAGE 137

MORE JUNIOR FASHIONS ➡

AT HAMBURG HEAVEN: Plaid dress of Wesley Simpson spun rayon. 9 to 15. $15. Arnold Constable. Right: Eyelet-yoked black shirting dress. Joan Irwin design. 9 to 17. $13. Bendel's Young-Timers. (#3 & #4)

AT LA SALLE DU BOIS: Slim cream cotton suit with collarless, fitted jacket. Joan Irwin design. $17. Everfast brown-and-green gingham blouse. $7. Sizes 9 to 17. From Bendel's Young-Timers; J. P. Allen. (Junior Fashion #7)

AT THE ST. REGIS ROOF: Time out for repairs. Dress of striped Heller rayon jersey. 9 to 15. $20. Stern's. Right: Navy-blue and white printed rayon shantung. Sizes 9 to 15. $18. Lord & Taylor. (Junior Fashions #5 & #6)

AT A CANDY SHOP (Altman and Kuhne), simple, well-shaped purple rayon shantung dress. Pretty neckline. 9 to 15. $20. Jay Thorpe. (#9)

BALKIN

AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY: Left: Junior Fashion #5, see opposite page. Right: Black-and-white carnation print; Wesley Simpson spun rayon. Velvet streamers. Carlye design. Sizes 9 to 15. $20. Saks Fifth Ave.; Miller and Rhoads; Joseph Horne. (Junior Fashion #8). Pearls by La Tausca

VOGUE'S JUNIOR FASHIONS
IN 101 SHOPS
IN THE UNITED STATES...
SEE LIST ON PAGE 137

Discoveries in Beauty

Helen Whitcomb can't sculpture an entirely new head for you, but she *can* help to give you a portrait of yourself at your best. And your best may have been five or ten or more years ago. Her manu-plastic facial is based upon the exercise of muscles of the face...and while your muscles (via Mrs. Whitcomb's carefully-trained fingers) work, you lie dreamily down and relax. The glow that your skin takes on stays with you for days—which is the test of an effective facial. Actually, Mrs. Whitcomb believes in more than a facial—she believes in, and gives, a course of health for your face. 15 East Forty-eighth Street.

If your fingernails reach the breaking point all too often, you'll get more than sympathy from Miss Mary Abels, whose manicure shop is at 70 East Fifty-sixth Street. Since she and her confrère, Miss Champney, concentrate entirely upon fingernails, they know how to cope with any beauty problem that fingernails can present—and they will give good advice on how to care for your fingernails between visits.

Got the blues? Or the greens? Or the purples...in your complexion tones? Even your own analytical eyes can't tell you. It takes an expert, such as the one who blends Jacqueline Cochran's make-up foundation, to figure out what colours you're made of. After she studies your skin tones, she blends a creamy powder-base to match. Then (if you like), she'll improve upon Nature. She'll add a warm pink or glowing bronze to your custom-made powder-base. The result? A make-up that's like you, only more so. Too, oil is added in proportion to the oil in your skin. This service is at the attractive Jacqueline Cochran make-up bar at Franklin Simon.

Maybe you're in a quandary about having your hair dyed. To you, it seems like an irrevocable plunge. But to Mary Greene, hair-dyeing is a fascinating art—and that's just what she has made of it. Before she touches (up) a hair of your head, Miss Greene gives you an estimate of what hair-dyeing will mean in your life, reminding you that it's not the cost—it's the upkeep both in time and money. If you choose to go through with the project, Miss Greene will give you a pre-dyeing treatment to put your hair in condition for what's coming. Then, instead of uniform colouring—say, brown—she injects, here and there, a shot of gold, red, and brown—thereby achieving the uneven look that is a quality of natural hair-colour. Miss Green's base is an unobtrusive salon at 1 East Fifty-third Street.

Symmetra (in the Chatham Hotel) is a charming place, devoted to skilful face and body massage. Miss Gerard gives corrective facials with knowledge—and the products of Germaine Monteil. Miss Elsa's body massage is unique. She puts you under a heating tent first, then gives you a custom-order treatment which exhibits the three years of medical training that Sweden requires of a masseuse. And, after, she washes you off with a warm pine solution that leaves your skin fresh and soft.

Among the goings-on at Lord and Taylor's busy beauty salon is a new department that makes hair-and-scalp problems practically a pleasure to have. Whatever your particular difficulty is, there'll be a good hour of brushing and manipulation to align each hair, distribute natural oils properly, and get your scalp back into circulation—hence, back into health. Then, there's a massage that will relax the muscles of your face, back, and neck. If your program calls for an oil treatment, the oil is applied and left on overnight. You needn't sneak home the back way, however, because Lord and Taylor provides you with a pretty turban which is removed when you return the following day for your shampoo and set. The excellent preparations and unique method (based upon a course of six treatments) were created by an English specialist, Madame Huntingford, whose disciples told Lord and Taylor.

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Montezuma Red Nail Polish, .75
All Day Foundation, Dark Rachel, 1.00
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THE FACE OF LONDON NOW

(Continued from page 89)

down the street, telling in stilted terms of the tremendous happenings in the world. (One wonders of what, before the war, news could possibly consist!)

Shall we remember Hyde Park without its railings: during weekdays with its line of parked buses awaiting the rush-hour return home, and at week-ends with the crowds watching the baseball matches or the tub-thumpers? As entertainment value, these park orators are all worth more than the usual cinema program.

In London, every language is spoken on the pavements, and in some parts the English voice is seldom heard. Hempstead has become a refugee colony. Many Mayfair districts are now entirely Americanized. On the doorsteps of Green Street mansions, there are dustbins and "trash cans" hung upon the railings for what once we called rubbish, but is now known as "salvage." Parts of Victoria have been annexed by Poland.

Today, no one is idle. When her work is done, no woman just sits. As she sits, she talks and knits, mends, or sorts small pieces of scrap collected from the floor of the workshop of a nearby factory.

The public takes upon itself to offset the maldistribution of goods, and lugs heavy parcels about. People marooned in the country send S.O.S.'s when unable to obtain such things as safety-pins, and visiting friends bring them goods unobtainable except in the big towns. When those friends return, they bring back country produce.

Which of these things are here to stay? Which will be the first to be forgotten? The envelope which has been through the post a dozen times, heavy with its superimposed labels "Spam," or Stuart Hibberd? Shall we remember how hopefully we waited when the notice was put up opposite Harrods, "No fish until 11:30"?

Many people have appreciated their homes as never before, now that they have them to themselves and, servantless, are free to invade the hitherto forbidding and forbidden regions of the kitchen; though to older people, who were never hardened to discomforts when they were young and adaptable, the servantless state may be a real hardship. Many people have more time for reading. And perhaps never again in our history shall we see our towns cloaked in such beauty, as now when lit solely by the becoming light of the moon.

By this veiling of blue-and-silver mystery, all buildings acquire an added beauty; even Burlington House resembles a Venetian palace. Walking home at night through the deserted parks, we can imagine ourselves tramping through the forest of Arden. By moonlight these parks are the unchanged primitive forests of Britain, and only the barrage balloon, like a blister pearl in the starlit sky, is there to remind us of the epoch in which we live.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.....Maurice L. Rothschild
ST. PAUL, MINN.....Maurice L. Rothschild

WRITE DIRECT TO THE FACTORY FOR NAMES OF OTHER AGENCIES

COOK YOUR OWN PARTY

(Continued from page 105)

this), it is just as easy to cook for a little group as for two; and the resulting smug élan is very pleasant.

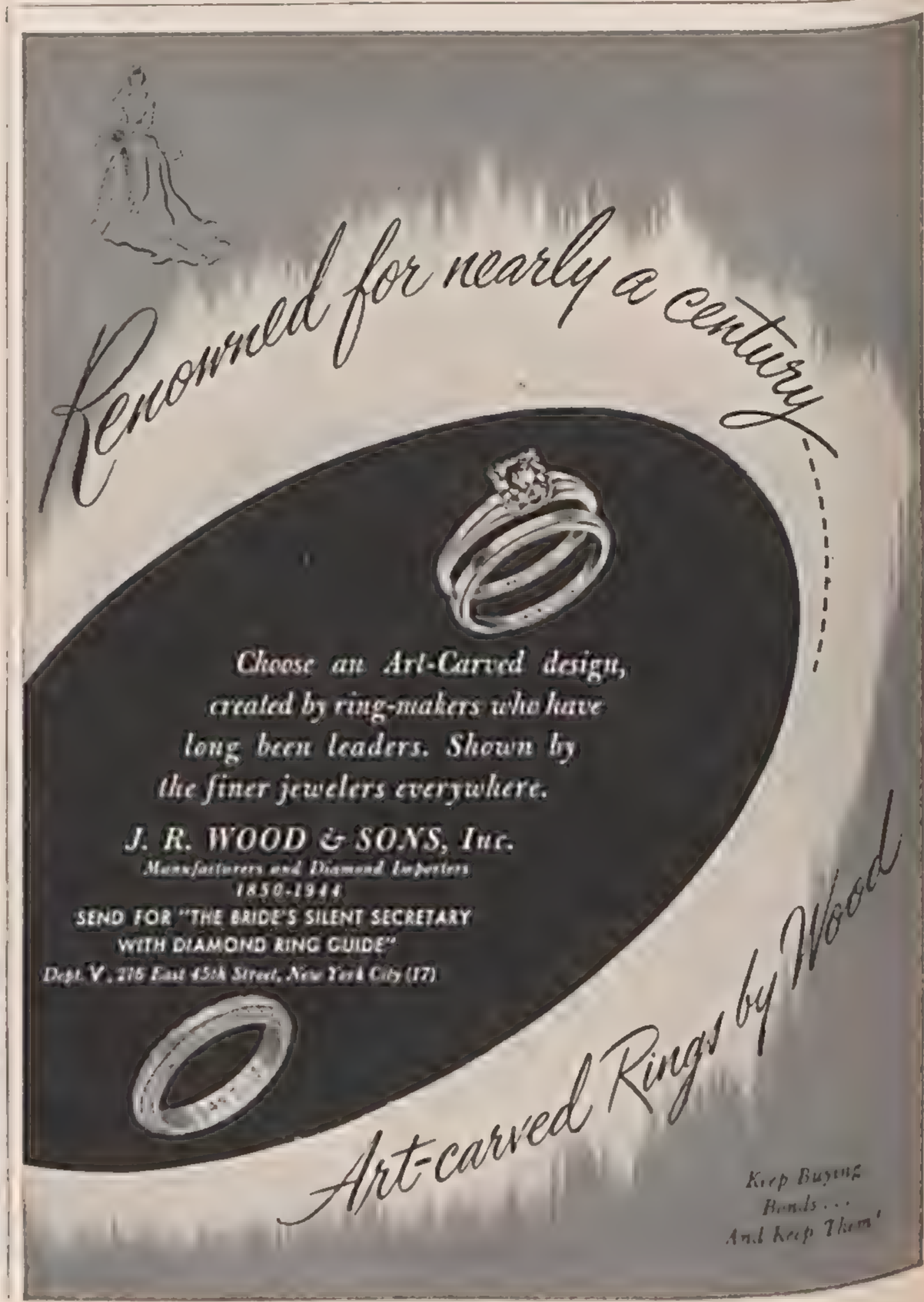
Make it a cross between a buffet and a regular dinner served in courses. That is—put the food on a small table where people can help themselves, and then retire to a corner to chew moodily, but do it in the proper sequence: soup or what-have-you by itself, entrée next, and so on. The idea is to avoid buying all those assorted foods required for a real buffet, the remainders of which clutter up your icebox for weeks afterwards. At the same time, you give your guests the feeling of having eaten a real meal rather than a series of snacks.

Have something easy to cook and eat, like Shrimps Creole, Peppers Stuffed with Chopped Ham, or Chicken-burgers on Toast. The last is cooked chicken put through a meat-grinder, mixed with half as much breadcrumbs, chopped onion to taste, about half a cupful of melted butter or margarine, salt, and whatever seasoning smells good. If the mixture is too crumbly, you can add cream or homogenized milk. Fix in patties on slightly-toasted bread circles and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. You can stick a clove in each patty, but take it out when the baking is half-done. A raw spinach salad is fine with any of these dishes, especially if you mix crumbled, hard-boiled egg in it and use plenty of plain French dressing.

Finally, as you get to be less of a bad risk in the kitchen, experiment with sauces and mixtures until you have hit on something that is peculiarly your own (or so you fondly believe). The first one I evolved was for coffee ice-cream and (now don't yell) consisted of coffee made strong, plus butter, sugar, and brandy sloshed around in a pan until it sputtered. Took me quite a while to understand why it tasted like caramel, but it was lovely anyway.

More recently I fetched up with something saner to go on macaroni or spaghetti. This is regular Brown Sauce, in which either chopped mushrooms or chopped meat are cooked; the only way you depart from the standard recipe is to make the sauce dark brown, not tan; this means browning the butter or fat longer, ditto the flour, and leaving the onions in; when you add the bouillon, have it boiling hot and stir in the meat. Keep stirring until the meat is cooked as you like it.

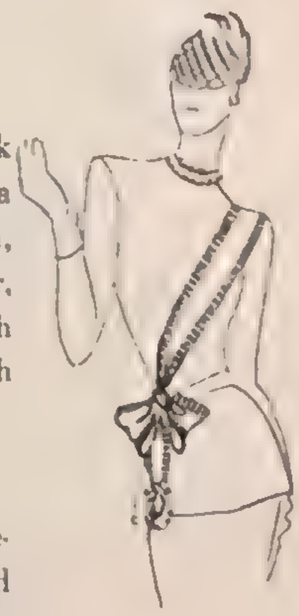
To go with this sort of thing, take a whole loaf of bread, unsliced, cut it lengthwise almost down to the bottom crust; then make four to six slashes across the usual way. Stick butter or margarine in the cracks and glaze the outside with same. Sprinkle with celery-seeds and bake for ten minutes; then serve it on a platter with a bread-knife, so the guests won't have to tear it apart.



SIGNATURE—"BABS"

Ideas and Sketches by Mrs. John Rawlings, Vogue's Fashion Editor

I make the simplest white silk shirt look very fresh, very much a part of spring—by tucking two full-blown red roses into the deep plunging neck-line. Sometimes I thrust another rose into one of the cuffs



Occasionally, I stripe a black jersey dinner-dress with a broad grosgrain ribbon, slanting from one shoulder, clasped at the waist with an antique Russian brooch

For spring and autumn evenings, I've always liked short, jutting little jackets of silk or wool, lined with stand-alone satin. I wear them over slender dinner-skirts, balance them with a huge, satin envelope bag

EVERY YARD OF GENUINE

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Powder-catchers and dust-catchers—that's what skin cells are when they curl up and die on your face! They make even a naturally good complexion look coarse-grained and dull!

But—you can loosen and dissolve scaly dead skin cells easily and *quickly!* Just spread a snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—except eyes. Leave it on one full minute, for the Cream's "keratolytic" action to do its job. Then tissue off.

Now look at your "re-styled" complexion! It's clearer. It's brighter. It looks *lighter.* And your skin is so much softer that make-up goes on with intriguing smoothness—and *clings!*

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"I have a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week," says the beautiful Evelyn Byrd LaPrade. "Other days, I just smooth on a very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

Now there's a glass shortage! Help save glass and manpower—buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones.

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

SIGNATURE—"BABS"

Ideas and Sketches by Mrs. John Rawlings, Fashion Editor

Right: In Paris, long before the war, Talbot made this timeless jacket of a Persian cloth-of-gold. I wear it now over long, slender dinner-skirts, over short, draped skirts, over narrow black slacks for off-hours at home

Left: In Mexico, the tailor to the great bull-fighters made me boleros shaped like theirs—very brief, with a great deal of black. I wear them with short street skirts, or improvise a dinner-suit, with long skirt and shirtwaist

Just for You!

A name to remember—and cherish! Symbol of clinging fit, smooth leg flattery and the long wear you've always hoped for. That's Valcort!

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SIGNATURE—"BABS"

Right: I still wear the sleeveless maillots—dark blue or white jersey—which I had made for the beach, in my Paris days. Now in the city, I tie a silk scarf at the throat—high and tight, like an apache's handkerchief

Left: I wear a skirt that's not a skirt at all. I take a two-yard square of Indian silk, wrap it, almost twice around, pull it through my belt. With an easy white shirt, an Indian turban, it's my favourite summer costume

for every season

Here are classics that know no season—designed for walking and working throughout the year, and worn by smart women everywhere. In polished calf, hand-rubbed and mellow; tan or black. A limited quantity in white. Priced from $8.95 to $10.95 in fine stores everywhere.

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BUY AND KEEP MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

NOWADAYS, THE YOUNG . . .

(Continued from page 93)

present; and when we have a chance, wash and set our hair, make up our faces, choosing the colour of the lipstick with care; count our coupons, go all out for life and the shops—stray bits and fragments of fun when we should have had the whole pattern. Nature? No thanks. Nature is all very well, but hardly what we mean by fun—nowadays.

I was first surprised, and then not surprised at all, that nature had only a very slight appeal to anyone young, except the traditional "dreamy" girl. Nature is a compensation when you are middle-aged and growing elderly; and new forms of physical enterprise have triumph mixed in with them by proving (to ourselves, mostly) that we are not yet so old, after all; for look how we dash into the rain, haul out the boat, positively enjoying it still, while the young ones remain indoors looking up with a laconic "How was it?" as you come in glowing, a little despising them...till you remember how soon they will be doing first class efficient jobs in the Navy, the Army and the Air Force.

And What are you doing tonight? "Got an A.R.P. lecture that I mustn't miss." "Dear me," said the old gentleman on a pitying note, "it can't be helped, I suppose, but it must be a very dull subject?...a very dull subject." The girl hesitated, seeking for words; but either she was inarticulate or did not think it worth while to explain, for she simply said, "Oh, no," fairly politely, and walked off.

I guessed, when I heard this brief dialogue, what might be in her mind. An A.R.P. lecture: either this was the dullest subject in the world or the most exciting—it could be nothing between. Either it assumed with a perfectly commonplace air that at any moment you, yes you yourself, would be mixed up with crashing walls, blazing house, men overhead literally doing their best to kill you and the men and women and children round you; smashed bodies, bleeding heads—half a minute left to dash to the rescue and pull someone out—less than half a minute—every ambulance gone—then an emergency tourniquet, quick! Take no notice when that roof has just fallen in. Send a message, it's vital, for the emergency squad. Never mind that delayed action bomb, it *may* not explode yet!.....An A.R.P. lecture: dear me, that must be a *very* dull subject!

Nothing is static, and least of all our sense of values. We are cleaning out the Augean Stables with a vengeance, though I suspect from domestic experience nowadays that what they wanted for the Augean Stables was not Hercules, but a daily help for two hours every morning. For nowhere have these values been so tragi-comically upset and then subconsciously re-organized, as over the question of running a house. It was in *(Continued on page 125)*

NOWADAYS, THE YOUNG . . .

(Continued from page 124)

1941 that I received a printed amendment slip stuck on to a form from a Registry Office, with the solemn statement of a huge but necessary increase of fees for supplying "second and under-housemaids, kitchen, scullery and between maids and footmen." No increase, you may have noticed, for the lordly ones (how beautiful they were); for the butlers, housekeepers, upper housemaids and chefs. The little people have come into their own at last. As for catering, nowadays, the situation is entirely covered by the old saying: "If we had some ham we'd have ham and eggs if we had some eggs!"

In mid-January, 1943, my secretary entered in some excitement! She had seen a bit of rhubarb lying in a road in Mayfair, and following the trail, discovered that eventually, by more scatterings of rhubarb, it led her to a small and hitherto-unknown greengrocer's where she was able to buy the precious fruit itself (or should it be vegetable?) With this bulletin, she interrupted a telephone conversation in a not dissimilar strain between Marguerite Steen and myself; less a dialogue between two novelists than between two ardent trappers in a primitive land. She had had a haunch of venison sent to her by another trapper from a savage country from a savage kingdom in the North (Scotland, probably), and so she might possibly spare me a chicken if her housekeeper had succeeded in shooting one in Mount Street. I then told her how over the week-end I had snared the last bottle in all England of Gordon's Lemon Gin and left the village innkeeper weeping with gratitude at my promise to send him a present of tea. "I don't never get enough tea," he whispered.

The deepest sorrow of catering under increasing difficulties has little to do with appetite, for indeed the Food Minister has kept his word not to let us go hungry; but the check on our hospitality violates all our natural instincts to keep open house and to put before friends and strangers, without any fuss, the best we have to offer. Nowadays we have painfully learnt that it simply cannot be done, not even by sacrifice and going short ourselves. Luckily, however, it is a lesson that all have had to learn without exception, so that at least our wry tones are mutual and we do not have to apologize or cover up deficiencies one from the other. In fact, the broadly comic element emerges as we need to speak more and more frankly, accustomed now to throwing away tradition and saying to the invited guest: "Sorry, I'm afraid after all I can't have you. There's nothing to eat. They promised me some plaice if they had any by 11 o'clock this morning, but they hadn't, and even if they had we'd used up all our frying fat when we had to have bubble-and-squeak last night because Nan was too tired to go out."

Bonne Bell

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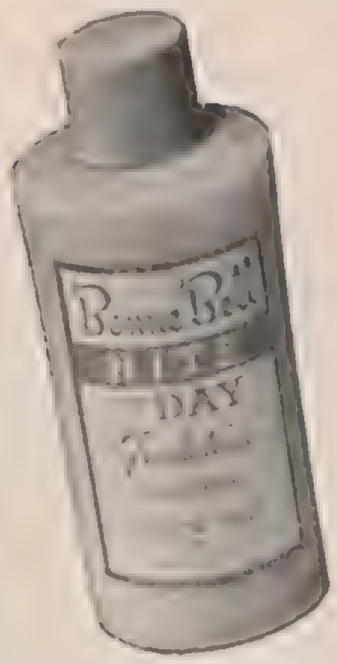
is uniformly smooth

Use this wonderful new foundation just one week and you will notice the difference—the *big* difference. It never varies—each application is the same...not too heavy, not too light. That is because Bonne Bell Nite and Day Foundation is a liquid, scientifically measured by chemists to give a beautiful, even performance every time you use it ...to leave your complexion velvety soft—glowing.

Nite and Day Foundation works almost like magic. Just smooth it on with your fingertips. *Presto!* It changes from a liquid to a smooth, even film that blends perfectly with your skin.

Bonne Bell Nite and Day Foundation stays on and on; keeps your make-up looking fresh *longer*. It helps to cover up, aids in concealing blemishes, fine lines and large pores. It's easy to apply with the fingertips—and just as smooth and satisfying every time you use it.



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Face Powder, $1.00
Dusting Powder, $1.00
Talc, 50¢ (*all prices plus tax*)

barbara gould

THE TRAVELERS AID SOCIETY

(Continued from page 108)

Red tape is practically unknown in the Travelers Aid vocabulary. Rules are wisely enforced, wisely broken. Although civilians are barred from the Lounges, a little blonde in rumpled black chiffon and lace was standing in front of the supervisor's desk at five one morning. She had come by day coach from California on receipt of a telegram from her sailor-beau to "meet me in New York to be married before I shove-off again." There had been no beau to meet her, she'd looked everywhere; for the past twelve hours she'd sat in the station. All she knew was his name and rank; he had not given her any address.

It didn't take long for the supervisor to get an officer at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the telephone and repeat the story. Requests and inquiries from Travelers Aid seem to get priorities, and before long the Yard called back. The boy was there in the guardhouse on some minor charge; sailor-wise, they hadn't believed his story about getting married. There was a quick promise to release him the next day—better still, he was allowed to come to the phone and talk to the tired girl.

The Lounge isn't qualified or equipped to treat medical cases, although they have a quiet little room set apart for wheel-chair and litter cases. But one night, a young sailor rushed in waving a soot-covered, bandaged hand. Would the Travelers Aid rebandage it for him? "You see, Ma'am, I've been at sea for eight months...had bad luck on the last run, and my fingers got blown off. Well, Ma'am, a fella can't take a girl out with a paw that looks like this. Not a girl whose name should be 'Ecstasy'."... A volunteer covered the grimy bandage with fresh gauze.

The idea of Travelers Aid started back in 1849. Brian Mullanphy, the Mayor of St. Louis, noticed the mass of pioneers moving through the city; noted that many of them were broke, sick, or lost. He noticed the stream of women nervously traveling alone for the first time. In his will, he left an endowment fund of $1,000,000 to help care for them. Although the situation was relatively the same throughout the country, other cities lagged behind St. Louis. Boston posted notices in the stations warning young girls of the dangers of the big city, but it wasn't until 1885 that the first paid worker was engaged by the Friends Society "to meet trains and steamships and guard young women". In 1905, the New York Travelers Aid Society was organized; and in 1917, T.A.S. became a national organization.

Because communities were quick to realize that T.A.S. saved local charities countless headaches, it is given an important place in local Community Chests. In addition, according to National Travelers Aid, the railroads make limited *(Continued on page 132)*

She brought brilliance to the Nation's Capital

Dolly Madison, wife of the fourth President of the United States, was famed as a beauty and gracious hostess. Her social events at the White House were distinguished for their stateliness.

She was the wife of a President of our struggling young nation which was soon to be involved in its second war. Yet, by her loveliness and talent as a hostess she helped to brighten and make more endurable those dark and troublesome days.

For the countless unselfish acts of its women, America, today, is sincerely grateful. In their patriotic contribution to the nation's war effort, as tireless guardians of the health and happiness of their families, they have gallantly shouldered additional responsibilities. And yet, with these, they have still found the time to be lovely and gracious.

It is Avon's privilege to serve you and every busy American woman with cosmetics that help you achieve this inspiring and gracious loveliness. Through the Avon Representative, it provides an exclusive means of selecting and procuring exquisite cosmetics in your home—pleasantly . . . uninterruptedly.

BE HOSTESS TO LOVELINESS

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When you're in love wear
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AVAILABLE IN – PERFUME • TOILET WATER • DUSTING POWDER • TALC

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Let your mirror show you new loveliness, at less cost, before you spend another penny for cosmetics.

Upon your invitation, a Counselor will visit you in your home. From her complete line of cosmetics and with her beauty-wise help, you can sample and experiment until you discover what you've always wanted: the cream and powder formulas best suited to *your* type of skin . . . the lipstick, rouge and eye-shadow most flattering to *your* coloring. And, too, this trained Counselor will advise their proper placement to make the most of *your* facial contours.

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★ ★ ★ SPEED WAR'S END
BUY MORE BONDS ★ ★ ★

"I LIKE VARIETY"

(Continued from page 72)

box-jackets and boleros, bought separately and combined with skirts, look like suits—are apt to be more individual, fit better.

When I do buy an already assembled suit, it's apt to be very like a two-piece dress. I am careful to stay away from too ambitious lapels, pockets, trimming, fabric, et cetera. I do look for interesting colour or patterns and simple little dressmaker details. The red shantung sketched on page 72 is an example of this. It's a lovely colour which I would not like to wear every day, but which I know will often give me a lift. The jacket is cut almost like a shirt with just an easy fit to the waist, has perfectly matched jewelled buttons.

Another form of costume which gives me what I want without too much financial outlay is the "top and bottom" sort of outfit. Start with a well-fitted skirt of good and interesting fabric. Wear it with a sweater or jumper top, good belt and bag. For three years, I've had a good deal of fun and variety putting little black wool or crêpe tops with everything from cotton dirndls to gold lamé evening skirts. You can follow the general silhouette, having the skirt slim and the top full, or the reverse. The completely sleeveless top makes your old skirts look new this year.

Some Specific Things I Like:

1. Good leather accessories. Natural pigskin, in particular; goes well with black, red, grey, navy-blue, beige, etc.

2. Something white and crisp, like the piqué jacket or little white hat...to make you feel tan even when you're not.

3. Little hats that fit the head, like skull-caps or berets; or adjust to it, like *curvettes* or turbans when they are in style. I don't like to go around without a hat, as I think it looks pretty collegiate with my straight hair; except at night, when I do go hatless or faintly veiled.

4. Naked or stream-lined bathing-suits. I have recently discovered that they are more becoming to thin, flat-chested figures than the full-skirted little princesse numbers I've been shrinking about in in all these years.

5. Anything wrap-around or adjustable. I like the look, in general: one gets more fit for one's money.

6. Belts and sashes, they're almost the cheapest extravagance you can have. They vary your dresses happily and help pull together your skirts and tops. For instance, instead of the peplum belt on the short dinner-dress, illustrated, substitute a hip-tied pink satin sash. Or a rhinestone-studded black belt.

Exciting new BUTTONS!

Dramatic B. G. E. Originales are a clever way to add smart distinction when "styling" or "re-styling" a wartime wardrobe. These lovely buttons in the new Spring colors are at your favorite notion or button counter.

"Buttons, buckles and clips in original designs"

BAILEY, GREEN & ELGER, INC. • 136-146 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

PALM BEACH

(Continued from page 84)

such a huge stone "in wartime, in the *day*time," answered briefly, "I quite understand how you feel—I felt exactly the same before I owned one."

The husbands of these women are, easily, the most interesting people in Palm Beach. Averaging about seventy years old, confident, grey-haired, plain-looking, and plain-spoken, they are the people who give Palm Beach its reality. They have made huge fortunes, and, if they lost them tomorrow, they would have no doubt of their own ability to make more. They are producers, the powerful builders of railroads and steel mills. These men dream of the early 1900's, when a man could span half a continent with a railroad, cover the whole Southwest with a network of power lines. Their strength is that they dream also of tomorrow, when chemistry and electronics shall have delivered themselves of a whole new world, now waiting to be born. They are busy in laying plans for their new world.

And, if all the other groups in Palm Beach are swept away, or kept at home by the rigours of taxation, these, the latter-day Empire builders, will be the last to survive.

TRAVELERS AID SOCIETY

(Continued from page 126)

contributions—ranging from rent-free space or free telephone service to outright cash donations in some localities. In 1941, 861,000 people were helped by the Travelers Aid; last year that number catapulted to the astronomical figure of 26,000,000, as Travelers Aid, through their regular societies plus their U.S.O. operations, met the full impact of wartime conditions. (The U.S.O., through the National Travelers Aid Association, provides funds for running 132 Lounges throughout the country.)

The Lounges range from the tiny one in Flomaton, Alabama (a town with a total population of 835, but a busy wartime railroad junction), to the two mammoth New York City Lounges. Here the men and women volunteers work on four-hour shifts. Twenty per cent. of their time is spent talking—talking about food and girls, about mothers and Top Sergeants—to thousands of loose-tongued youngsters. They see them swarm in on Saturday, eager, elated, self-confident, the weekend ahead of them; see them seep in again on Sunday night, tired, lonely, and often broke.

There is no bigger job done in the country today than that done by the Travelers Aid Society. Their workers, sitting beside the familiar lighted globes in over 600 strategic spots throughout America, are much more than "those people who send runaway boys back home, and meet trains." That is a Travelers Aid job all right, but just one part of the picture. With a heart trained to listen and a brain taught to understand, Travelers Aid is an institution, part mother and part information booth...an alert, discerning, nationwide network of kindness.

IT'S FUN TO WRITE LETTERS

HERE'S HOW TO WRITE THEM

by

Jane Eaton

People are talking about the wonderful discoveries that have been made during this war—discoveries that will make all our lives richer and fuller after "it's over." There is one discovery, however, that wasn't made by engineers or technicians but by each of us for herself—not in laboratory or factory, but in our own hearts! I mean the joy there is in writing and getting letters.

For many of us this has been a treasure hitherto practically unknown. We imagined ourselves such poor correspondents, possibly because we clung to the "do's and don'ts" of copy-book days.

But in wartime, our letters became bonds of love and friendship, bridging time and space. We've learned the joy of seeing a familiar handwriting on an envelope, the thrill of warm words read and reread... then tucked safely away to give comfort and assurance whenever they were needed.

Now that we've known the rich rewards of letter-writing, and learned the simple truth that a sincere letter is a good one, we'll never give up the wonderful habit of letter-writing. And to enhance the words we write, what could be more fitting than lovely letter paper? Use one kind, use it until it becomes as much a part of you as your smile. Make your letters a symbol of You, from the sight of the envelope to your signature at the end.

★ *Choose your writing paper from EATON'S OPEN STOCK PAPERS which can be bought in sets of sheets and envelopes, to be added to as you wish. No need, ever, to waste "orphan" sheets or envelopes. Ask to see PETERSBURG 1850, HIGHLAND LINEN, FOREIGN MAIL and others at your stationery counter.*

★ **For an informative 36-page book,** *"It's Fun to Write Letters," write to JANE EATON, Eaton Paper Corporation, Pittsfield, Mass. The price is 10¢ . . . but every dime we receive goes into War Bonds.*

to get a letter—write a letter

Eaton's fine letter papers

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smooth,
more beautiful legs
EASY with
Bellin's WONDERSTOEN
dry hair-remover

Just stroke the rosy disc over legs and arms. It removes hair easily, quickly and leaves no stubble.
Makes legs silkier, smoother. A perfect start for cosmetic stockings; ideal for bare legs.
Dainty. Completely odorless. Nothing wet...nothing to spill, stain or prepare.
Safe. Accepted for advertising by publications of American Medical Association.
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hair on face?
Ask for Wonderstoen "Special Face Formula". Safely removes hair on lip, chin, cheeks. $1.25

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Fashion Shop
TREMONT STREET, BOSTON

APRIL'S OWN
UMBRELLA PRINT

An April shower of raindrops and umbrellas runs riot over this spritely little two-piecer for Juniors-on-the-go. Perfect from early morn to canteen-nights from now on . . . Beautifully finished of fine rayon crepe and butcher spun rayon linen. Red with oyster or luggage with oyster. Sizes 9 to 15.

22.95

"I Like Versatility"

(Continued from page 75)

simple and face-cutting as possible. I prefer berets—all sorts—during the day, and a veil or a bow at night. One beret—like the black felt "casserole" sketched on page 75, and shown in two of the photographs—can be worn at least four ways. This is variety enough for one who prefers to be faithful to a fashion in which she can be assured, rather than to take up a daring new trend which she knows is not becoming to her.

At night, I intensify the underdone look, wear simple black dresses with short or long sleeves; pearls or rhinestones for glitter; fabrics such as moire, silk damask, satin, velvet, fine frost-cool linen—all of an interest to compensate for the lack of extreme design. I try to keep my head bare of doodads. Hair, I believe, if dressed neatly and in a new fashion, is one of the most flattering accessories a woman can wear. With very simple short or long evening dresses, well-done hair is smarter by far than stick-up hair gadgets, which only detract from a smooth top-to-toe line.

I spend as much as I can for accessories—good leather, I've found, will last for years and grow mellow with the lasting. I carry bags and use gloves as long as seven years. I like the easy elegance of long, crushed gloves—belts of importance, for skirts with no personality save their slimness—jewels only if real—or real-enough-looking to be convincing.

Sorry

no more *new* subscriptions

Wartime restrictions on the use of paper . . . coupled with the unprecedented demand for Vogue . . . force us to announce, reluctantly, that Vogue can take no more *new* subscriptions until further notice. This is effective at once. (It does not apply to renewals of present subscriptions.) Please share your Vogue with your friends.

ATTAR OF PETALS *Face Powder*
for the new, clear-skinned look...Smooth, mist-delicate, it clings to your skin lightly. Like all Attar of Petals cosmetics, this exquisite powder too, comes in a milk glass jar sparkling with petals, a hand-painted reproduction of a priceless American antique, $2.50

Attar of Petals Toiletries
Orloff captures the quaint charm of early American apothecary jars . . . fills them with flower-fresh toiletries. The feather-whipped cream, and every fragrant lotion, is compounded subtly, knowingly . . . combining age-old beauty secrets with modern glamor lore.

You'll cherish Attar of Petals cosmetics for their rare delicacy, for their perfume . . . and for their petal-strewn jars, milky-white and porcelain smooth.

These hand-painted reproductions of fabulously lovely jars from "The Old Apothecary Shop" are perfect on your dressing table . . . make exquisite home decorations when the last precious trace of the cosmetics is gone. Priced from $1.00 to $3.75 at good stores everywhere.
JEAN VIVAUDOU CO., INC. • 10 W. 33RD ST. • NEW YORK

ATTAR OF PETALS BY ORLOFF

Inspired by priceless antiques in the historic Mercer Apothecary Shop now a national shrine at Fredericksburg, Virginia

FE-4 CALLING THE AIR BASE

(Continued from page 87)

Shooting off a flare so you can spot me." And our answering alert ship, "O.K. We've got you spotted. Keep her coming. Keep her coming."

"Glad you're here. Have thrown out all emergency equipment. Have enough gas for about one-half hour. Stick around and watch me go in. But —hey—wait a minute. Engineer tells me he's got 50 more gallons out of tanks of dead engine. Maybe we can make it."

Seated around the radio; we looked at one another. Those three "guys" out there: pilot, radio man, engineer, are really doing a job. When you're putting up that kind of a fight, when your will to live is that strong, you just can't lose. Meanwhile the pilot in the tower was figuring out all the possibilities. He had the exact Kollsman setting ready to give the pilot for the runway, built on top of a cliff, jutted up out of the water several hundred feet. He also made ready to bring the pilot in downwind or upwind, depending on which engine was dead. Flying just above stalling speed as he was, it would be dangerous to make a turn into the dead engine.

Then, at 14:45, two hours and a half overdue, we saw two airplanes silhouetted against the horizon. Our alert ship, with flaps down and throttles cut way back, was flying at about one hundred feet. He would fly straight for the island, then make a wide three hundred and sixty, and start out again ahead of the ship in distress. Staggering along behind him was the other ship; nose high, mushing through the air barely above stalling speed. The alert ship called out, "Island in sight. Everything O.K. Keep her coming."

"O.K. I'm trying to make it in. My right engine is dead, so I can not turn to the right. Can't see the island, but will follow you in." A moment later he called the tower. "FE-4 to Tower. Have island in sight. 20 gallons of gas left. What is exact altitude I must have to make runway?" The tower had to think fast now. The runway tops a jagged cliff, and, if the pilot could not get the altitude, it would be sure death to run into the rocky cliff. Slowly the planes loomed larger on the horizon. We were on the roof of the alert shack now, so we could still hear the radio and were "sweating him in" in earnest.

"FE-4, don't turn to the left. Keep a straight course and follow us in."

"O.K. I saw a sandy beach, and thought I could land on that." The pilot in the tower, hearing the conversation, cut in, "FE-4, do not land on the beach. It is full of rocks. Do not land on the beach. You must have 300 feet to make runway. If you can't get that altitude, land in water close to beach."

Both ships were quite close now; just off the water, about fifteen miles out. The alert ship, in the lead, called "FE-4, FE-4, *(Continued on page 135)*

So Flexible!

Yet holds so **FIRM**

See how smoothly HOLD-BOB tapered Bob Pins open and glide into place. You'll be amazed to discover their hidden strength! When your lovely hair-do and HOLD-BOBS are partners, even dancing won't undo that secure hold.

You get this patented "Flexible-Firm" construction only in HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. Ask for them by name. Say "HOLD-BOB" for *better* Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, he will have some very soon.

Actual length, 2 inches

"INVISIBLE" HEAD

Tapered from tips to tiny, but powerful round-wire head . . . with 5 crimps. HOLD-BOB Bob Pins go on easily and *stay in!* Satin-smooth enamel finish. Smooth round ends for protection.

HOLD·BOB *Bob Pins*
Are Better Bob Pins
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO

"Madam, your country house is ready"

Come to Saratoga Spa this emerald spring for all the delights and comforts of a country house at best—The Gideon. You'll vow the staff can read your mind for orders. You'll wonder how Gideon cooks, in best American tradition, nurse the distinctive flavor of *every* dish to its true essence . . . so that pure enjoyment wins through in any chosen diet. And the surrounding Spa will answer your need for action . . . or your prayer for blissful rest. Ride, walk, golf. Take curative mineral baths and massages to unreel the tension of the winter season. Through trains from New York. No car is needed here. Early reservations are advisable. Privately operated. E. C. Sweeny, Lessee.

THE GIDEON PUTNAM
AT SARATOGA SPA
SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK

The Spa is Owned and its Health Services Operated by The State of New York

FE-4 CALLING THE AIR BASE

(Continued from page 134)

follow me in a gentle turn to the left. It will bring you right over the runway. We will lead you in." The alert ship picked up speed and swung up and over the runway. The pilot knew his business well, for we noticed that he kept slightly to the right as he swung over, so his prop wash would not interfere with the ship behind him.

The tower called again, "You must get 300 feet. You must get 300 feet before you complete your turn. If you can't get that, land in the water." In response we heard FE-4's grievously overworked engine groan as he stood the ship up on its tail and gave it everything she had. Now he had the altitude and was lined up over the runway. The tower's calm voice then started to talk him in, "We have a long runway here so keep your full power on and don't drop your wheels till you're over the runway.... O.K. Wheels down." FE-4's wheels fairly jumped out of the nacelles, for his speed was so low that there was little wind resistance.

"O.K. Straighten her out now—40 feet off—10 feet off. You made it."

The one good engine coughed, sputtered, and died, just as the pilot flared her off in a bumpy, but safe landing. We saw the pilot leaning over the wheel, absolutely done in. The prop stopped, then barely turned over, as the ship went down the slight grade on the runway, and the last drop of gas trickled to the carburetor. The sturdy engine died before the ship completed its run. Even though it would never run again, it had done its job well. The crash crew's truck clattered down the runway and towed the airplane off the landing strip, so 619, still overhead, could come in and land.

The scene at Operations, when the crew of FE-4 checked in, was a jubilant one. Beneath their smiles, their faces betrayed the enormous strain they had undergone, but all the pilot said was, "I'll drink whatever gas you can find in that airplane."

We asked him how he got the extra fifty gallons of gas. "I don't know. I thought it was impossible. But the engineer cut the gas line of the dead engine and re-directed it to the good engine. Never heard of it being done in this type ship before."

I walked away from the happy group and fell into step with the pilot who, from the tower, had "talked him in." He didn't look pleased. "What's the matter, Jack?" I asked. "Well, you know, I had three hours to think about that landing, and I 'goofed off' on one thing. I should have had a man with a Very pistol stationed at the end of the runway to shoot off flares in case the pilot couldn't spot the runway."

"Jack," I said, "you can't think of everything. It's impossible."

[*Editor's Note:* This article was "Passed by base censor. Tower logbook for January 4, 1944, will substantiate all facts in this story."]

Full Measure

Time is a taskmaster . . . on which Victory depends . . . the more exacting the moment, the more rapid its flight. To bring full measure to minutes, choose Rolex Oyster or Rolex Oyster Perpetual . . . for either gives superb timekeeping of scientific accuracy . . . Dependable and precise, this magnificent wrist watch serves ranking American and Allied Officers everywhere . . . A limited number are still available for civilian purchase . . . also some lovely designs in the Ladies Oyster and several new models in dress watches for men and ladies in gold or stainless steel. Visit your local Rolex jeweler.

Priced from $80.00

The Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship ROLEX

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS

DESIGNS FOR DRESSMAKING

Two views of the long-bias-cut-sleeved gingham dress shown on page 90 of this issue. Trouser-pleats and an inverted pleat at skirt back. Vogue Design No. 5155. Sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38)

The sleeveless gingham shown on page 90 of this issue is straight-backed, front-gathered. With Patented Contour Closure.* Vogue Design No. 5146. In sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38)

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE 22,360

VOGUE PATTERNS MAY BE PURCHASED IN THE IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY, OR BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 21 DUNDAS SQUARE, TORONTO, ONTARIO. PRICES OF PATTERNS WILL BE FOUND BELOW.

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PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS

381	$2.00	5146	$ .50
384	2.00	5153	.60
S-4550	1.00	5155	.50
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VOGUE'S JUNIOR FASHIONS

Vogue's Junior Fashions, shown on pages 110-113, can be found in many shops throughout the country. In the list below, numbers 1 to 9 after the store names indicate the particular clothes available at each of the listed shops.

ALABAMA
Birmingham . Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, #8
Montgomery . . . A. Nachman, Inc., #8

ARIZONA
Tucson . . . Albert Steinfeld & Co., #8

CALIFORNIA
Long Beach . . . . . Buffum's, #4, #7
Los Angeles . . . . . Bullock's, #6, #8
San Diego . . . . . Marston Co., #8
San Francisco H. Liebes & Co., #1, #3, #6
O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., #5

COLORADO
Denver
Daniels & Fisher Stores Co., #1, #2, #3
Denver Dry Goods Co., #8

DELAWARE
Wilmington . . . . Braunstein, Inc., #2

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington . Julius Garfinckel & Co., #9
Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., #2, #5
Woodward & Lothrop, #6, #8

FLORIDA
Jacksonville . . . . . Cohen Bros., #6
Purcell's, #4, #7, #8
Tampa . . . . . Maas Bros., #8

GEORGIA
Atlanta . . . . . J. P. Allen & Co., #2
Davison, Paxon Co., #8
Rich's, Inc., #6

ILLINOIS
Chicago . . . . Mandel Bros., Inc., #6
Chas. A. Stevens & Bros., #1, #3, #5
Peoria . . . . . Block & Kuhl Co., #8

INDIANA
Evansville . . . . . De Jongs, Inc., #8
Indianapolis . . William H. Block Co., #6
H. P. Wasson & Co., #1, #3, #5, #8
Muncie . . . . . Ball Stores, Inc., #8

IOWA
Des Moines . . . Younker Bros., Inc., #8

KANSAS
Hutchinson
Pegues-Wright Dry Goods Co., #8

KENTUCKY
Louisville . . . . . Jenny Lind, #9
H. P. Selman & Co., #5
Stewart Dry Goods Co., #8

LOUISIANA
New Orleans . . D. H. Holmes, Ltd., #8
Town & Country, #4

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston . . . Wm. Filene's Sons Co., #8
Jays, Inc., #1, #3

MICHIGAN
Detroit . . . Himelhoch Bros. & Co., #6
J. L. Hudson Co., #8
B. Siegel Co., #1, #3

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis . . . . . Dayton Co., #8
Rochester . . . . C. F. Massey Co., #8

MISSISSIPPI
Greenville . . Nelms & Blum Co., #6, #8

MISSOURI
Kansas City . . . . . Chasnoff's, #2
Woolf Bros., #7
St. Louis . . . . . Kline's, #8
Lockharts, Inc., #1, #3, #5
Sonnenfeld's, #6

NEW YORK
Albany . . . . . Honigsbaum's, #9
Buffalo . . . . . L. L. Berger, Inc., #6
Rochester . . . . . B. Forman Co., #8
Syracuse . . . . . Flah & Co., Inc., #5

NORTH CAROLINA
Durham . R. L. Baldwin Co., Inc., #4, #7
Ellis-Stone & Co., #8

(Continued on page 138)

EMERY INDUSTRIES, INC. . . CINCINNATI, OHIO

There's Nothing Like
FOOT COMFORT

Smooth, sleek, beautiful legs without stockings are fashionable—but bare feet in shoes are uncomfortable and unsanitary. Wear FOOTLETS when you go bare-legged and you'll enjoy real freedom, coolness, comfort and health. Be sure to get *genuine* FOOTLETS for fit, quality and greater choice of styles. At better stores everywhere.

Patented by the makers of RANDOLPH KNIT Socks & Anklets

Wear Footlets
J. W. LANDENBERGER & CO.

FOR *Action* FREEDOM

These livable, lovable slacks and shorts are cut and tailored in the best traditions of Stardust craftsmanship. Thanks to fabrics known for sturdiness, you'll find long wear as well as figure flattery. Perfect for wear on the job or at play! In Brown or Navy.

By the makers of Stardust Products

TAMPAX IS A CHALLENGE to all women—

Whatever the age or race or occupation, Tampax presents a real challenge to every woman. Because Tampax, being so "different" and departing so much from the "usual," has made itself into a *test* of open-mindedness. Even the grandmother who approves of Tampax for monthly sanitary protection shows that she is young and flexible in spirit!

Scientifically, Tampax is sound and conservative. Its principle (internal absorption) has long been in use by doctors. But Tampax has made this principle available to women generally throughout the six continents. Millions are using Tampax now . . . Made of pure surgical cotton, it is dainty and hygienic—no pins or belts, no odor or chafing. No bulging beneath the costume. No "lines" or ridges. Simple to use. Easy disposal.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Remember the 3 sizes, especially the Super, which gives about *50% extra absorbency*. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Better still, ask for 98-cent Economy Package which lasts an average of 4 months! Don't wait till *next* month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

VOGUE'S JUNIOR FASHIONS

(Continued from page 137)

OHIO

Cincinnati . . Henry Harris, Inc., #1, #3
Mabley & Carew Co., #2
Columbus . . Mrs. Eugene Gray, #4, #7
F. & R. Lazarus Co., #5, #8
Dayton . . . . The Rike-Kumler Co., #8
Toledo . . . . Geralda Pheatt, Inc., #9

OREGON

Portland . Meier & Frank Co., #1, #3, #8
Nicholas Ungar, #9

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown . . . . . Hess Bros., #2
Hazleton . . . . . Wears, Inc., #6
Philadelphia . . The Blum Store, #1, #3
Strawbridge & Clothier, #8
Pittsburgh . . Jonasson's of Pittsburgh, #9

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls . . . . Fantle Bros., Inc., #8

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga . . Pickett's, #4, #7, #8
Knoxville . . . . . Miller's, #2
Memphis . . . . . John Gerber Co., #5
B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc., #8
Nashville . . . . . Cain-Sloan Co., #8

TEXAS

Dallas . . . . Neiman-Marcus Co., #2
El Paso . . . Popular Dry Goods Co., #8
Fort Worth . . . . . The Fair, #1, #3
Houston . . . . . Everitt-Buelow, #2
San Antonio . . . . The Vogue, Inc., #8

VIRGINIA

Richmond . . . . . Thalhimer Bros., #2

WASHINGTON

Seattle . Frederick & Nelson, Inc., #1, #3

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee
Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc., #8

HAWAII

Honolulu . . . . The Liberty House, #9

"I LIKE LINE"

(Continued from page 83)

Nothing seems more dreary than to go to these after-hours engagements looking like a "Business Woman." But I can't dash home and change, like many women whose apartments are within taxi-range. This is the way I solve my problem:

For town, the simple, unadorned black suit, dress, or coat seems best. For daytime I add choker pearls, earrings, and a large jewelled clip on my calot. In my oversized bag, I carry many cosmetics and cleansing pads to remove the grime of day—also an extra pair of gloves, and larger, more brilliant earrings for the evening.

In summer, my workday city uniform becomes navy-blue, or grey—like the adaptable grey alpaca cardigan suit shown on page 83—frosty-cool. If an especially gala summer evening is slated to follow the day in town, I can tuck a black chiffon kerchief into the throat of the pink-and-black crêpe dinner-suit (see page 83)—and wear the suit in on the morning train without alarming the other commuters.

In the summer in the country, I wear the barest fashions I can—I love the sun and never miss a chance to improve my sun-tan. Evenings in the country require long, covered-up dinner-dresses—like the one sketched on page 83.

STERLING SILVER
by the
ALVIN
SILVERSMITHS
now takes second place
. . . . War production for
victory comes first . . . .

Blacked out for the duration

To keep the home fires burning...

six essential items in these four patterns are being made in limited quantities for home use.

Teaspoon	Salad Fork
Luncheon Knife	Cream Soup Spoon
Luncheon Fork	Butter Spreader

NOTE: Complete patterns and items now restricted will again be available when Victory is won. Price lists mailed on request.

THE ALVIN SILVERSMITHS
Makers of Exclusive Silver Designs for Fifty Years
PROVIDENCE • RHODE ISLAND

you can conserve liquor by serving mixed drinks

Don't worry about your dwindling liquor supply. Let yourself in for new adventures by learning to mix drinks *properly*—from the Professional Mixing Guide.

One of the first things you'll learn is what every professional barman knows—the importance of Angostura Bitters in making fine mixed drinks.

Angostura possesses the unique quality of diffusing itself through the other ingredients, creating a symphony of flavor and aroma that satisfies and delights.

We'll be glad to send you the Professional Mixing Guide—free—a collection of 254 accepted recipes and exact directions for mixing.

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

ANGOSTURA - WUPPERMANN CORPORATION
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A glass of wine adds the perfect touch to dining . . . and Croix Royale is the wine of epicures...

CROIX ROYALE
say Croy Royal
CALIFORNIA
Wines
and Vermouths

You will be proud to serve these Croix Royale table and dessert wines that connoisseurs praise as superb examples of the vintner's art. Produced by old world methods from choicest grapes grown in the fabulous San Joaquin valley.

Remember, Buy Bonds First!

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The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (V), Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc. New York City.

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Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... NOW TASTE WHAT TIME HAS DONE!

IMPORTANT WAR-TIME NOTE

Our distilleries are not making whiskey now and have not made any since October, 1942. Since that date their full capacity has been converted to production of alcohol for war use by the Government. The Old Charter that you can still enjoy now has been taken from our reserves of pre-war whiskey.

IF YOU STILL FEEL that silkiness, mellowness, smoothness are just advertising words ...chances are you've never tasted Old Charter! If you still have no real choice between brands of whiskey...chances are you've never tasted Old Charter. If your own palate has never told you what long and leisured years of ripening can do for a noble whiskey...chances are you've never tasted Old Charter — and you ought to, soon!

OLD CHARTER

A SUPERB AMERICAN WHISKEY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS—TODAY!

This Whiskey is 7 Years Old • Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 90 Proof • Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky. | Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival," Every Wednesday Evening, C. B. S.

35

Watch the change to Chesterfield

You'll like them...your friends will too...for their real mildness and better taste. The right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos makes the difference. You can't buy a better cigarette.

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